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# How Not to Approach Malenkov

NOTHING is more symptomatic of the disease which afflicts the Democracies than the spate of "expert" speculation which has followed Stalin's death. Without any peace policy of our own, we found it far easier to make total war on Hitler than to fill the vacuum left by his downfall. Since then, we have waited for the Soviet Union to create situations to which we could duly react. These situations have usually been unfavourable to the West, and our reactions have therefore been hostile. But it remains a fact that, since 1945, Stalin provided the motive force of British and American policy. Now he is gone, Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Churchill feel nearly as lost without him as Duclos or Togliatti. Nostalgically they ask whom must we react to now; and all the pundits chorus "wait and see."

We believe that prudence dictates a very different course of action. Instead of speculating on the chance of Communist collapse through internal conflict, the Western Powers should regain the initiative which they yielded to Stalin. We should challenge the new men in the Kremlin not by schoolboy exercises in psychological warfare but by proposing negotiations at the highest level on the two outstanding problems—China and Germany.

If this challenge is to be effective, Britain and America must first agree on the answer to one question. What sort of settlement do we seek with Malenkov and Mao Tse-tung? If Mr. Dulles's words are to be taken at their face value, the answer is none at all. The Republican Administration is acting on the assumption that Democracies cannot co-exist with Communist States, and that their aim should therefore be, not negotiation from strength, but strength for the purpose of disrupting their enemies.

The first thing we have to realise is the futility of this kind of thinking. Mr. Dulles's liberation is defended as a dynamic alternative to an inert policy of containment. In fact, it is a sterile and imitative reaction to Stalin's strategy. Employed against his successors, it is the one thing that will enable them to confirm their power over the whole Eastern Bloc. Every democrat must desire to see the loosening of the Russian stranglehold on the Eastern European States and the Asian revolution. That stranglehold—imposed by Stalin since 1945—subjected not only Yugoslavia but every Communist State and every Communist party to violent internal strain. It can only be maintained so long as Russia's allies and satellites are scared into submission by the threat of U.S. intervention. If the West's challenge consists in remilitarising Germany and Japan, and building up such "Liberators" as Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, it will confirm Stalin's successors in the Empire he bequeathed them.

The one thing which the new rulers of the Eastern Bloc have to fear is the challenge of peace. The effect of the Indian resolution on Korea proved that. Imagine that the Chinese Communists were given their rightful seat on the Security Council and so persuaded that the U.S. desires to live at peace with them. Imagine that the threat of a rearmed Western Germany, which makes the Eastern European Communists willing vassals of the Russians, were removed. Then the cement that holds the Stalinite Empire so rigidly together might begin to flake away. Clearly Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Churchill should test the intentions of Mr. Malenkov by offering Mao Tse-tung a new basis of peace negotiation and simultaneously proposing to resume the Four Power discussions on Germany. Will they have the courage to seize the initiative and to issue this kind of challenge?

Almost certainly the answer is "No." Even if Mr. Eisenhower wanted to launch a peace initiative, he could not do so without incurring the deadly charge of appeasement from Senator McCarthy, his old man of the sea. As for Mr. Churchill, how meekly he is toeing the American line was revealed by the Foreign Secretary's abject surrender in Washington on the issue of trade with China. We can only hope that if the Government is tongue-tied the Labour Party will raise its voice.

**The New Regime**

The changes in the Soviet leadership were announced with a speed that suggested advance agreement. Twenty-four hours after Stalin died, both the Party and the State command was reorganised, and in both cases power was formally concentrated in a much smaller group than that appointed six months before by the 19th Party Congress. Though there was bound to be speculation about this apparent reversal of a recent policy decision (which had expanded the Politbureau to 25 members and 11 alternates) the official announcement revealed for the first time that an "inner" Politbureau had continued to function. It consisted, presumably, of Stalin and most of the ten men who now compose the new and smaller Presidium of the Central Committee. Voroshilov has been elevated to titular Head of State, no doubt as the most senior of the Founding Fathers and as Stalin's personal intimate. Saburov and Pervukhin, Ministers of Machine Building and Electric Power, are comparative newcomers, who have risen rapidly in the "managerial" hierarchy. Kruschev, who replaces Malenkov as the head of the party machine and becomes his deputy, has for some time been the chief disciplinarian and "trouble-shooter," who has been directly supervising the recent purges.

The key positions within the Party and the State, however, are held by Malenkov, Beria, Molotov, Bulganin and Kaganovitch, who not merely serve on the Politbureau of the Party, but are also Premier and Deputy-Premiers, head the key Ministries, and form the Presidium of the Council of Ministers. Thus five men hold the real reins of power. Such a concentration of authority is bound to strengthen the position of the new Premier's colleagues, who have, in fact, been given increased control over their respective Departments. They are now, as it were, "overlords" in an inner Cabinet; Beria acquires the Ministry of Internal Affairs as well as State Security; Mikoyan combines Internal and External Trade; Molotov is bound to be a more powerful Foreign Minister than Vyshinsky; and Bulganin, whose star has risen almost as fast as Malenkov's, has his control of the Armed Services confirmed. This looks, on such information as we have, like a strong and effective team. What we do not know is how far this Cabinet structure conceals personal and factional tensions within the ruling group.

**Unenviable Choice**

In a press interview last Tuesday General Neguib charged the Sudan Administration with bad faith, and abruptly re-asserted his demand for unconditional British withdrawal from the Canal Zone. Whether there is much substance in the General's specific complaints about Khartoum is a matter of secondary importance; as we indicated in these columns a few weeks ago, the agreed procedure of Sudanisation is so complex that it could only be worked if both sides showed genuine good will and forbearance. At present neither is doing so, and the cordial atmosphere created by the signature of the agreement is being rapidly dissipated. The trouble, of course, is that neither Neguib nor Mr. Eden are free agents. Mr. Eden must appease the powerful bloc of Imperialists in the Tory Party and Neguib the extremists in his Junta. But there is an important difference, which Mr. Strachey pointed out in a remarkable speech on the Army Estimates. A complete break-down of the negotiations would be far more dangerous to Britain than to Egypt: it would confront the Government with the unenviable choice of either occupying the whole of Egypt and very likely being branded an aggressor at Lake Success or evacuating the Canal Zone under duress. Mr. Strachey was surely right in warning the Government against drifting into this dilemma and urging that, if Mr. Eden wants Egypt to take part in a scheme of Middle Eastern defence, he should concede the principle of evacuation before it is too late.

**Mr. Eden's Bad Bargain**

The official communiqué on Mr. Eden's talks with President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles is, in spite of the Foreign Secretary's easy optimism to the Press, an arid document. It contains no reservation or qualification of British support for the "Liberation" policy and is noteworthy only for its paragraphs on Persia and China. On Persia, Mr. Eden has gained a little, by securing public endorsement from Washington of last month's offer to Dr. Mossadeq, which is recognised as "reasonable and fair." In return, he has given away something far more substantial, by his agreement to co-operate in tightening the embargo on Chinese trade. Two specific measures have been accepted: first, the licensing for China trade of all vessels registered in U.K. and Colonial ports; secondly, the withholding of bunkering facilities in British ports from all ships carrying strategic cargoes to China Whether, in fact, these measures will make much difference to the volume of trade with China may be doubted. The embargo on genuinely strategic goods is already fairly strictly enforced in British ships; and the refusal of bunkering facilities to non-British vessels—a decision which, in any case, will almost certainly not be followed by such Asian countries as Ceylon and Indonesia—will be more damaging to British commercial interests than to Chinese. The real reason for Mr. Eden's acceptance of these further limitations on British trade is the desire to impress and appease the more extreme sections of U.S. public opinion. But this relatively small tightening of the existing regulations will accomplish little in that direction. The China Lobby, and those it influences, will be content with nothing less than full co-operation from Britain in the crusade against the Chinese revolution. What is achieved is a piece of resounding—but hollow—propaganda against Peking, at the exact moment when every consideration of psychological warfare suggests the need for a redoubled effort to establish relations with Mao's China.

**No Promises from Washington**

Nothing definite emerged, or was expected to emerge, from Mr. Butler's colloquies with the leaders of the new American administration. The Chancellor of the Exchequer carried with him the still unpublished Commonwealth Plan for gradual liberalisation of trade and exchanges between the sterling and dollar areas; but evidently he got no firm promises either of a substantially more liberal American tariff policy or of an American-financed stabilisation fund to be used to back a relaxation of the present restrictions on sterling-dollar convertibility. The traditional high-tariff party could hardly be expected to come out for lower tariffs at this stage, if at all; and the President, even if he had wished to make any promises, might have been rebuffed by Congress for doing so. As for American aid towards partial convertibility, the fact that the sterling area's gold and dollar balances are still rising removes from American opinion any sense of the urgent need for action, and makes it certain that the new administration will haggle for months in the hope of exacting the largest possible *quid pro quo*, not only economically, but (we fear) politically as well—for example, in relation to the blockade of China trade. All that can be said for Mr. Butler's mission is that he has no doubt taken his chance of explaining to the new rulers of the United States some of the real difficulties is the way of reaching a stable balance in the dollar accounts of the sterling area, and some of the dangers involved in moving too fast towards even a limited convertibility of sterling assets which cannot at present be changed into dollars. This *may* have had some effect in making the Republicans less insistent on a "dash for freedom"—above all, by getting them to understand that their part in it would have to include a really significant change in import policy, which could not be achieved without a ferocious struggle with high tariff interests inside the Republican Party.

**Means and Ends in Economic Policy**

For us in Great Britain the least welcome part of the joint communiqué is that in which reference is made to United States approval of "sound internal policies" as the necessary basis for international policies. The words are harmless enough in themselves; but "sound" is all too apt, in financial circles, to mean "deflationary," *tout court*, and to involve a cynical disregard for the effects of financial policies on employment and on living standards. We are by now well aware in Great Britain of the necessity of living within our means; nevertheless, we must be free to take our own measures for making the consequences as little harmful as possible to the British people. This means that the claims of convertibility and multilateral trade alike must be subordinated to the prior need of maintaining "fair shares" and full employment. Freer trade and greater convertibility are means, not ends, just as much as "restrictions" and "discriminations" are means —means, that is, to safeguarding the British people's conditions of living. This does not imply that we can afford to disregard the consequences of our policies on other countries; but the final test of the rightness of a policy is to be sought, not in its compliance with any abstract rule, but in its effects on human welfare. We have now to be more than ever on our guard, in face of the new slant of American policy, against a conception of "freer" trade that limits it—as a factor in Cold War strategy—to trade between the so-called "free" nations.

**Germany and E.D.C.**

Dr. Adenauer's impatience to secure ratification of the Bonn and Paris Agreements has not been matched by the Federal Constitutional

Court at Karlsruhe. With a shrewd sense of the objections to intervening in "politics," the Court has ruled that it has no right to pronounce whether a Bill still before Parliament is constitutional or not. That is, it rejects the Government plea that it should declare in advance that ratification would not require a two-thirds majority in Parliament. By implication, it also rejects the Social-Democratic counter-plea. In short, the Court declines to act as referee in any matter where the operative political decision has not yet been taken by Parliament as a whole. Dr. Adenauer is now back to where he was last December, when the Bundestag gave the Bills a second reading. He will now presumably press for a third reading, and will probably get it—though the new French protocols scarcely smooth his path. This, however, is by no means the end of the matter. The Premier is considerably less sure of a favourable vote in the Bundesrat, where the Coalition has a very slender majority. And even on the assumption that both Houses vote for ratification, the legal issue can still be renewed by the Social-Democrats. The Court, it is suggested, may decide that no treaty with a foreign nation can be regarded as contravening the Constitution, and that hence the Bonn and Paris Agreements do not require a two-thirds majority vote. But they can hardly refuse to listen to a renewed Social-Democratic plea; and the hearings may take weeks. The question for Dr. Adenauer is whether he can get his Bill finally signed by the President before summer, when general elections are due.

### Before the South African Elections

Opening shots in the South African electoral campaign, which is to end on April 15, show the Nationalists already seizing the initiative. Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister, has said that he will go to London for the Coronation, if the Nationalists are returned to power—a gesture from this old-guard republican which may be worth a few votes. More important is Dr. Malan's resolute identification of White interests with *apartheid* (racial segregation), a point of view which appeals instinctively to the great majority of Whites, and which the United Party, failing courage and conviction to take a contrary line with sufficient energy to put it across, is now left to echo in irritated undertones. In an important speech at Stellenbosch last week the Prime Minister made it clear that the Nationalists would press on, if re-elected, to further stages in *apartheid* and political repression. He said nothing new, but he said the old things vigorously; and that is likely to count in his favour. South Africa was misrepresented, traduced and threatened by "an organised and hostile Press" in the outside world; but what they were doing was right, and they must continue doing it. Parliament must be put "beyond the reach of the courts." The "unfortunate and unrealistic" Gold Coast policy of the former British Government "had found its echo throughout the whole continent; and then there was also the meddlesome and aggressive United Nations." All this was old stuff. But it is likely to have its effect in cajoling doubtful Whites unless the United Party can still find within itself the energy and intelligence to tell a worried electorate exactly where another instalment of Nationalist Government is likely to lead South Africa, and to present an alternative policy which is not merely a "gentlemanly" version of *apartheid*.

## TRUCIAL COAST

### Ibn Saud and the Oil Company

*A Correspondent writes:* The announcement that King Ibn Saud proposes to air his dispute with Britain over the Trucial Sheikhdoms before "international organisations" marks a new stage in a war of diplomatic attrition which has been going on since 1949. There has never, since the original Maritime Truce, been a clear definition of the boundaries between what is now Ibn Saud's kingdom and the territories of Qatar and the Trucial Sheikhdoms. Recently Ibn Saud, growing rich and confident on American patronage and dollar royalties for his oil, has begun to make a series of territorial claims. In 1949 he sought to appropriate an area of what had been regarded as Qatar territory. Later, he laid a claim to territory between the base of the Qatar peninsula and the town of Mirfah, about 150 miles to the East. Finally, last August, he established an Emir, with an extensive following, in the Oasis of Buraimi, which is regarded by the British as partly in the Trucial Sheikhdom of Abu Dhabi and partly in the Sultanate of Muscat.

Since then the Emir has, in British eyes, been engaged in subverting the tribesmen. In fact, his main activity is said to have been presenting anybody who could be persuaded to accept it with a brand-new Saudi Arabian passport—significantly accompanied by a *douceur* of fifty dollars. Last October the Foreign Office negotiated with the Sultan of Muscat and the Saudi Government a standstill agreement, pending the definition of frontiers. This lengthy and problematic task, the British propose, should be settled by arbitration; Ibn Saud prefers the technique of the plebiscite. At the end of last year, after British complaints that Saudi propaganda was continuing in Baraimi in defiance of the standstill agreement, the Trucial Oman Levies (under British command) were reinforced, and at the end of January there was a minor military clash in Trucial territory.

This, then, is the surface appearance of the dispute in which Ibn Saud is appealing for international help. Its substratum is oil. At present, the British-controlled Iraq Petroleum Company, through its subsidiaries, holds the concessions in Qatar, the Trucial Coast and Oman. Ibn Saud's territorial claims, based somewhat unconvincingly on the reputed boundaries of an 18th-century Wahabi state, from which Saudi Arabia originated, coincides remarkably closely with I.P.C.'s most promising concession areas. One effect of the standstill agreement has been that the oil companies are unable to work the concessions in the disputed areas. Thus, Ibn Saud has struck a shrewd blow at British oil interests. Moreover, were his claim to the territory between Qatar and Mirfah to be accepted, the effect would be not only the transfer from I.P.C. to Aramco—the American oil company in Saudi Arabia—of a most promising drilling area, but also the opportunity, thought to be much desired by Aramco, of laying a pipe-line from their more Southerly drilling areas to the Gulf, East of Qatar.

The unanimous and strongly expressed view of British oil men in the Gulf—that Ibn Saud's expansionist policy is merely a manœuvre in Aramco's commercial war against I.P.C.—is probably an injustice both to the American company and to Ibn Saud. The latter, for all his great age and fabled licentiousness, is still astute enough to realise for himself that claims to such potentially rich territories may lead to increases in his already enormous dollar income; while Aramco, dependent as it is on Ibn Saud's goodwill, can reasonably claim that, in helping him to further this ambition, it is doing no more than it must. All this, however, makes it clear that, if Whitehall now decides to get tough, it may have a tricky diplomatic battle on its hands. Wholehearted Arab support for Ibn Saud, who is increasingly mistrusted and feared by his neighbours, is by no means assured; but strong, if clandestine, U.S. backing would be a good substitute.

## GENEVA

### East-West Trade

*A Correspondent in Geneva writes:* At the 8th Annual Session of the Economic Commission for Europe, the question of East-West trade came early in the agenda, and the decision to convene a trade meeting on April 13 in Geneva required little discussion. A French resolution formally calling for this meeting was favourably received by all European delegates except the Dutch, Turkish and Yugoslav.

Russia's apparent, although belated, acceptance of the preconditions for such talks means that all countries will come with prepared lists of import requirements and export availabilities. Until now, the Soviet Bloc's inability or reluctance to meet these requirements has prevented trade discussions as envisaged by E.C.E. Supporting the French resolution, Mr. Arutiunian emphasised that trade can be developed "on condition the West can supply appropriate counter-deliveries." He maintained that Russia is making, and in fact exporting, all kinds of machinery, and that it was the West that was being hurt by the "economic blockade."

Lord Reading, who followed, found "great encouragement" in the remarks of the Soviet delegate. He denied the existence of an economic blockade, stating that Britain reserved the right to restrict its trade in accordance with balance of payments and other considerations. The U.K., he said, had never turned down any firm offer, but many of the Russian proposals had been in "general terms." If more trade with the East is possible, concluded the Foreign Office Under-Secretary, "we shall rejoice."

The U.S. response was correct: Miss Miriam Camp, an economic officer of the State Department, commented that trade talks were a matter for European members to decide. But the failure of Mr. William H. Draper, Jr., ranking U.S. representative in Europe, to make his appearance as head of the delegation is interpreted here as a clear sign of American displeasure. This is not surprising in view of the plans of Mr. Harold Stassen, Mutual Security Administrator. On the day before the E.C.E. session opened, he announced the introduction of a seven-point programme to tighten up control of East-West trade under the Battle Act, and said that "special moves" would be taken against "capitalist-Communist collaborators."

Meanwhile, the discomforts of E.C.E.'s American employees are being heightened. F.B.I. "loyalty" questionnaires have been submitted to all Americans on the Geneva Secretariat. During this session Mr. Myrdal emphasised that "E.C.E. offers precisely the type of machinery for . . . a patient and sustained effort" in the "normalisation of East-West relations." With the emergence of a "dynamic" U.S. foreign policy, which seems to preclude "normalisation," the dilemma of Americans at E.C.E. is possibly sharper than at any other U.N. agency.

# The Arrest of Odede

SENSIBLE Europeans in Kenya—among whom the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, must certainly be included—have always known there can be no solution of the present impasse without the co-operation of responsible Africans. There is no future in police repression, collective punishment, or even in conscription of the European population. In a country where Africans outnumber Europeans by more than 100 to 1, such measures can at best produce a superficial and unstable calm based on fear, intolerable to all races alike, and economically disastrous to the whole Colony. It remains true that you can do anything with bayonets except sit on them. So clear has this become that, except in extremist circles, there is now general agreement that the aim in Kenya must be a multi-racial society with no colour bar and an increasing recognition of African rights. We have been glad, therefore, recently to print reports from correspondents in Kenya pointing out that in spite of the still unwise refusal to allow moderate Africans to hold public meetings and publicly express their constitutional and economic grievances, the more thoughtful Europeans, including Mr. Michael Blundell, the leader of the elected representatives of the Europeans, have been discussing measures of reform, even while police and armed settlers have been meeting the Mau Mau threat with measures of ever-increasing violence.

No news from Kenya could, therefore, have been worse than that Mr. Odede, one of the most respected of the Africans appointed to the Legislative Council, has been arrested on a charge of attempting to spread, among the still unaroused tribes of the Nyanza province, the murderous methods of Mau Mau. Mr. Odede is a member of the Luo people; like most African leaders, he was educated by the missionaries, and at Makerere College. He became a senior veterinary and administrative officer, studied in Britain and became a teacher at Makerere veterinary school. After the arrest of Jomo Kenyatta and his colleagues, Mr. Odede headed the group of Kenya Africans who were prepared to renounce violence and to continue as officers of the Kenya African Union. They have always claimed that the K.A.U. was opposed to Mau Mau and they have unsuccessfully, but very reasonably, argued in the Legislative Council that African leaders should be allowed to hold public meetings and openly advocate political and economic reforms.

In announcing Odede's arrest, the Kenya Government declares that he has been detained, not because of his political opinions, but "as a result of information which has been received from absolutely trustworthy and reliable sources," which shows that he has been "in touch with" Mau Mau and spreading its methods in Nyanza Province. The charge is only against him personally—implying, presumably, that his organisation and colleagues are not involved. The information is apparently of the same "security" type that led to the expulsion of Mr. Peter Wright from Kenya. The most pertinacious enquiries have never elicited any single fact damaging to Mr. Wright; on the contrary, the result of House of Commons questions was to convince reasonable people that Mr. Wright was thrown out of Kenya for no other crime but that he attempted to work out, by conference with African leaders, a constitutional programme of economic and political reform. This was the greatest service he could do for the colony. We must suppose that the Nairobi Government has some more reliable evidence than this against Odede. Hitherto his record has been that of a moderate, peaceable, non-violent leader. If Mau Mau is not in fact to spread amongst the Luo and other peaceable tribes of Kenya, the sooner this trial is held and the evidence is produced, the better for everyone in the colony. Unless Odede is publicly tried and convicted on the basis of solid evidence, every African in East Africa will feel that their leader was arrested because he had influence over his people and might be able to offer them some hope of liberation.

# The Great Exodus

MORE than two hundred thousand people have fled from the Soviet zone of Germany within the past twelve months. Before the zonal border was sealed off, about 8,000 refugees arrived each month in the West. But towards the end of May, 1952, a "dead zone" was established along the whole border which separates Eastern Germany from the West, so that only the Berlin "gap" remained as a possible escape route. The immediate consequence was a panicky increase in the number of refugees. The monthly figures jumped to about 16,000 and remained at that level until the end of the year. Then it was rumoured that the Berlin gap, too, was to be closed. Preparations were made for the erection of barriers on the roads and railway lines leading into Berlin. Technically, the Eastern zone could now be fully sealed off at a moment's notice. Only the order remained to be given. Reactions were immediate. In January, the number of refugees arriving in West Berlin increased to 25,000. In the short month of February their number jumped to 41,000.

Who are these refugees and why do they come? An East German newspaper, which I read in Berlin, described them as a bunch of capitalist speculators and exploiters, spivs and kulaks, criminals and profiteers. I recalled that description as I approached the bleak, grimy building—a war-damaged, scantily repaired former factory—which now serves as one of Berlin's 75 emergency camps for East German refugees.

The camp lies near the old Criminal Court, in one of the worst-bombed parts of the city, amidst vast stretches of desolate ruins and rubble heaps. It is run by a tiny staff of Red Cross sisters and helpers. This camp, like the others, is badly overcrowded. There is a shortage of nearly everything, from drugs and bandages to chairs and tables. Many of the refugees are still without beds, sleeping on thin, straw-filled mattresses on concrete floors. In one of the dormitories, where about 150 women and children sleep at night, bunks had just arrived when I paid my visit. Everyone stood around, excitedly watching the bunks going up in two or three tiers, one of the first visible signs of progress.

There were "common rooms," too, on each floor of the building, but as they were as yet bare of even a single stick of furniture most of the people spent their days, as well as their nights, huddled together on the bunks or palliasses of the dormitories. Only once in a while they would venture out into the ankle-deep slush of the courtyard for a breath of fresh air, a moment of blessed loneliness or a puff or two from a cigarette, economically divided into two or even three pieces.

Apart from the bunks or palliasses, the blankets, plate, spoon, fork and knife, with which everyone is issued on entering the camp, there was nothing they could either individually or jointly call their own. Most of them had arrived with nothing but the clothes they were wearing. Only that way could they avoid rousing the suspicion of the police that their journey to Berlin was more than a day's excursion. Even a small suitcase might have made the traveller too conspicuous.

Without exception, they were shabbily clothed and shod. Their suits and dresses were made of thin, often threadbare material, and, so far as I could see, hardly any of the men seemed to have an overcoat. Underwear was hanging up for drying on long lines fixed across the hall. Most of the pieces looked old and thin, many of them mended over and over again. Some of the people were sitting or lying with their blankets wrapped around them, waiting for their only set of underwear to dry. A few of them talked together. Some women were darning. But most of them seemed to do nothing, staring vacantly into the air, waiting until it was time to report to one of the many authorities they must visit or to take a turn at potato peeling or camp cleaning. Not one of them was reading. They had neither books nor newspapers.

If these were the "kulaks," the "exploiters" and "profiteers," I wondered what other people in Eastern Germany must look like. But in fact, as I was soon to learn, they were people from all walks of life, workers and artisans, poor peasants and wealthy farmers, civil servants and small businessmen, teachers and students, doctors, artists, and soldiers. They had come from every district of the zone, men and women, young and old and middle-aged—the statistician's dream of a true cross-section of the population. A pleasant and intelligent-looking young farmer, with a neatly dressed wife and a pretty little girl of about five, invited me to sit down with them on their bunk. He apologised for being unable to offer me a more comfortable seat. The little girl tried vainly to make a screwed-up piece of paper bounce like a rubber ball. The woman smiled sadly: "Maybe, one day soon, we can buy her a real ball."

They were among the comparatively fortunate. They had already completed the many exacting formalities. They had gained their official recognition as *bona fide* refugees and were now only waiting for those coveted seats on a plane to take them West and—they hoped—to a new chance to earn their living. The man was a seasoned refugee, a *Heimatvertriebener* (person driven from his homeland) as the exiles from the former German territories east of the Oder-Neisse line are officially called. He had started as an agricultural labourer in East Prussia. When he had to leave there, he trekked to Mecklenburg and settled in a small village near Parchim. There his most cherished dream came true. Thanks to the post-war land reform he was given a small piece of land of his own and some livestock. He worked hard and, at first, successfully. Then he had a series of mishaps. Some of his pigs died. That meant he would be unable to fulfil his delivery quota of meat. Delivery quotas, he ex-

plained, are fixed for every area, every village and every farm. They are fixed well in advance of the harvest and must be fulfilled, whether the harvest is good or bad and irrespective of any accidents that may occur. By an ingenious series of exchanges with neighbours he managed for a time to "cover up" for the loss of his pigs. But then a second mishap occurred. One of his cows got ill and had to be slaughtered. That meant he would be unable to fulfil his delivery quota of milk. This time no neighbour could help.

"So you see," he concluded, "we just had no choice. We had to clear out." He smiled indulgently at my question whether he could not have proved that none of these accidents was his fault. "Over there, accidents don't happen. We either do as we are told or we are saboteurs. We could not possibly risk staying in the circumstances." He showed me a cutting from a Communist newspaper, which he carried in his wallet. It was dated January 16, and dealt with the need for sharper vigilance in the countryside. A paragraph, which I copied, referred to "numerous cases of sabotage, including the damaging of farm machinery, the poisoning of cattle, the firing of barns and haystacks, the disorganisation of transport and consumer supplies."—"Despite all this evidence," the article continued, "there are still blind and deaf citizens, even among the personnel of the Government and Security Services, who indulge in 'objectivity,' who keep on looking for 'natural' causes—lightning, faulty wiring or an outbreak of disease. . . . They accept everything they are told at its face value and will not understand that with this attitude they aid and abet the enemies of Socialism, and they seem most astonished when they are afterwards called to account as accessories after the crime."

"You see what I mean?" the farmer asked me as he returned the cutting to his wallet. He then told me of another village, not far from where he used to live. There, they had tried to set up a "voluntary" collective farm, but none of the peasants would come in. After all persuasion had failed, one of them was suddenly arrested and indicted on a flimsy pretext. His land was expropriated. His wife and children were evicted from their home. Their identity cards were taken away, which meant that they would no longer be able to travel. That was the signal. They all decided to leave. The whole village went, some eighty peasant families. Singly or in groups they made their way to Berlin, travelling by different routes, some by day and some by night. They were going to lose their land anyway. Why not try to save their skins?

An elderly woman from Goerlitz told me the story of her husband's arrest. He was an innkeeper. One afternoon, a few weeks back, some of his customers had asked for cake. He had no cake, but to oblige them he went across the road to the Government-owned "H.O. shop" where unrationed goods are sold at a price far above that of rationed goods. He bought some cake there and sold it to his customers at the same price which he himself had to pay. But that was illegal. Only the Government-owned H.O. shops are allowed to charge these high prices. Private individuals must sell their goods at a much lower price even if they do so at a loss. The innkeeper had not thought of that. After all, this was not an ordinary business deal. He had only gone to buy the cake as a favour to his customers to save them the trouble of going themselves. But that did not help him. Someone denounced him. He was sentenced to three years' prison. His wife tried to carry on the business. Then one day a visitor came, "one of the *Stassi*" (State Security Service). He suggested that she should supply him with regular reports on the conversations of all her customers. "We've got your husband, you know," he added when she seemed to hesitate. A few hours later she left for Berlin.

There was another farmer, a rougher and more politically minded man than the first, who had already made his acquaintance with a Communist gaol. He was a liberal-minded individualist who hated the Russians from the depth of his soul. After the war he was elected burgomaster of a small country town in Brandenburg. Soon afterwards a Russian officer ordered him to deliver several tons of onions to the Soviet occupation troops. There were no onions, and perhaps he did not try particularly hard to get hold of any. He was tried for sabotage and sentenced to fifteen years' hard labour. After three years he was amnestied. He moved to a village not very far from Berlin, where he was given a small piece of land and worked as one of the new settlers. For a while all went well. Then, a few months ago, the first propagandists appeared requesting the villagers to get together and set up a collective farm. A meeting was held. The former burgomaster spoke against it. Everyone supported him. A second meeting ended with the same negative result. Two days later a recruiting officer called, requesting his son to join the *Volkspolizei*. He refused. The father supported his refusal. Again, two days later, both father and son were branded in the local paper as inveterate enemies of Socialism. They did not wait for the sequel.

Not all the refugees have stories of this kind to tell (and not all the stories they tell are necessarily true, although one learns quickly to distinguish between what rings true and what rings false). Most seem to have come, not because they were in any immediate danger of arrest, but because they were afraid that tomorrow, or the day after, when there might be an acute danger, they would no longer be able to get away. The possibility of danger is ever present. Every one of them seems convinced that anything might happen at any moment and that there is nothing one can do about it.

'It's much like the bombs during the war," a building worker from Leipzig told me. "They did not fall according to any rules. You could never figure out why it should be your house rather than your neighbour's that got hit. It's just a matter of luck. Even Colonel Walter Spitzbart (a nickname for Ulbricht) may one day get it in the neck." He paused for a moment and then he added: "I hope he will. I hope he will." I asked him why he had fled. "Oh," he replied vaguely, "I got a bit tight one night and seem to have shouted things that aren't even healthy to whisper. I can't remember myself. But one of my pals warned me. So I came away."

A woman textile worker from Chemnitz told me she had escaped because they had tried to force her into one of the Party schools for the training of political functionaries. "I have been a Socialist ever since I can remember," she told me, "and so were my father and grandfather. I could tell them a thing or two about Socialism. I don't need their *Rotlicht-Bestrahlung* (literally: infra-red rays—a now popular term for Communist indoctrination). I should only have lost my temper. They are worse exploiters even than the Nazis were. . . . So I thought I had better go while the going is good."

That is why most of them come. Their immediate reasons are often trifling—as though they had only waited for an excuse. Some come only because they have got behindhand with their taxes. Others because they had difficulties with delivery quotas. Some come because they were warned by a neighbour of some vague and unspecified danger. Others because they want to escape the onerous duty of spying for the secret police. Some come to evade work in the uranium mines of Aue, others to evade service in the People's Police, and others again because they hope for a freer and easier life in the West. The details of their stories differ. The pattern is nearly always the same.

They arrive in their thousands because their nerves had been shattered by a regime which never left them alone, which seemed to watch them with a thousand eyes, which made lying and pretence an everyday necessity and a show of fanatical approval a condition of survival. Even the miserable existence of a refugee seemed preferable to life under these unceasing pressures. A few of them had to escape from immediate personal dangers. But most of them are just frightened little people; men and women who would have been only too content with a normal, hard-working life; people who don't care about politics or about -isms of any kind. No fighters most of them, no heroes, no torchbearers of liberty. Just ordinary people with their ordinary share of human weakness and human decency, pathetically longing to escape from the spider's web in which they felt themselves as helplessly caught as so many little flies.

EVELYN ANDERSON

# London Diary

SINCE Stalin's death the papers have peddled "inside stories" about feuds in the Kremlin, about the way the new *troika*—Malenkov, Beria and Molotov—is already flouting Stalin's wishes, and about probable or improbable actions of the new regime. Nobody, of course, knows the facts. But many of the comments could have been less silly if the authors had taken the trouble to read Malenkov's report to the Communist Congress last October. This, after all, was the occasion on which he was finally set apart as Stalin's successor. Just before the Congress, Stalin had published his long theoretical article in *Bolshevik*, clearly intended as his political testament, and the Congress was called to witness the Will, and to introduce the executors to the heirs. At the time, most people dismissed Malenkov's long address as merely the pupil's elaborate gloss on the teacher's theory. Now, if you compare the two documents closely, you find an interesting point of contrast. Stalin's article was a theoretical text. It analysed relations between the Communist Bloc and the rest of the world; and it laid down a number of important theories about the future course of Soviet society. It marked, if you like, the final transition from the concept of "Socialism in one country" to that of "Socialism in one Bloc." Malenkov's report took this for granted: "the Soviet State is no longer an oasis surrounded by capitalist countries." The speech was almost entirely concerned with the practical measures needed to carry out Stalin's ideological directives.

* * *

Malenkov was surprisingly frank. Everything, he explains, is not always for the best in the best of Soviet worlds. On the contrary, despite all the achievements—he gives a long catalogue—there are serious weaknesses in the Soviet system. Too many factories have failed to carry through mechanisation, and "resort to outmoded work methods and make wide use of hand labour." In 1951, nearly 5,000 m. roubles were wasted by industry, and 3,000 m. roubles of this total was due to rejects of poor quality products. Though the building industry should have made 2,900 m. roubles profit, its organisation was so bad that it

actually lost 2,500 m. roubles. So the criticisms mount to a cumulative attack on bureaucrats who try to cover up their errors by "persecuting and victimising their critics." Malenkov, in short, was making much more than a formal propagandist oration. It was something like the inaugural address of an incoming American President in which he surveys the state of the nation when he assumes command, and lays down the general lines of policy that he intends to follow. As I re-read this speech, it strengthened my conviction that Stalin's death had long been anticipated, and that all the arrangements had been made for an orderly transition. Those who expect drastic changes in policy are harking back to the power struggle after Lenin's death. I think the analogy is quite misleading. Until Trotsky was beaten, there existed an opposition with an alternative policy. Whatever differences the present Soviet leaders may have about tactics, there are no signs that any of them any longer take the world revolution seriously. My guess is that Malenkov's life-work will be to consolidate the Communist half of the world, just as Stalin spent thirty years consolidating the Russian Revolution.

* * *

Last week we went to press when it was already clear that Stalin was unlikely to live more than a day or two. We were discussing his greatness and defects when a stranger called. He was in a hurry; he had something to say before Stalin was dead. He sat down at a table in this office and wrote out the following threnody.

Gather
Gather
Great of the World
For a last farewell
Has the wheel come
Full circle?
Is this the end of the story
The Marxian moment of love?

But gather
To pay the tributes
In this Age of Anxiety
For
We are all
Under the same condemnation
Hypocrites lecteurs
Semblables frères
Pray the Jesus Prayer
"Jesus have mercy"
Have mercy on us and on him.

He the seminarist,
He the squat bear
(Symbol of Russia's greatness)
He the man with the pipe
(Not a Baldwin)
He Russian
The cunning and mankind of Homer
The serpent the dove.

The writer signed himself "Willie Feast" and left no address.

* * *

I hope that Members of Parliament of all parties will unite in a serious protest to the United States about the refusal of a visa to Mr. Sydney Silverman. First, it is important to get the facts right. Mr. Silverman asked for a visa in order to accept an invitation to address a dinner as part of the campaign for the reprieve of the Rosenbergs. But the American authorities have explained, in reply to his challenge, that the visa was refused, not because of the occasion of his visit, but because of his politics. This is a very serious precedent. Hitherto, I think I am right in saying, no M.P. who is not a Communist has been excluded from the U.S. No doubt many M.P.s find Mr. Silverman annoying, but his courage, integrity and independence are universally respected. Even if he wanted to be a Communist or fellow-traveller, he never could be. He is an undisciplined individualist who fights libertarian battles, and who would certainly be amongst the first to be shot in a totalitarian country. In short, he is an old-fashioned radical; the sort of man who has been the peculiar pride of the United States.

* * *

The claims for chlorophyll as a deodorant, challenged in this journal recently, are categorically rejected by chemical and clinical trials reported in the *British Medical Journal*. Dr. John Brocklehurst, of Glasgow University, has found that the much-advertised properties of chlorophyll just do not exist. He points out that "of all the human senses, the sense of smell is the most easily affected by suggestion," and that all published findings on the action of chlorophyll as a deodorant have depended on the olfactory sense of the observer. He used methylmercaptan as the odour (it is akin to the smell of a skunk) and passed it through a screen of filter paper soaked in chlorophyll; but the "iodine test" gave the same reaction when the screen was soaked in tap water. In another series of experiments, twenty-two trials were made; there was a possible deodorant action in only one case, although even here he decided that the smell was only being masked by a very strong smell of chlorophyll solution. Clinical tests were equally negative, when patients ate chlorophyll, as recommended by some advertisers. The chlorophyll vogue, which has swept the United States, has not yet assumed such proportions in this country, but advertisements with claims for products laced with chlorophyll are already conspicuous and bigger campaigns are said to be pending. It will be interesting to see how the advertisers react to the new disclosures, which reinforce the report of the U.S. Bureau of Standards. This said bluntly: "We have no reason whatever to believe that chlorophyll has anything to do with deodorisation." I wonder, too, whether newspapers, which have given so much attention to "green magic," will be as forthright as the B.B.C. and the B.M.J. in discussing the facts.

* * *

I have in front of me a copy of the *Evening Times* (Karachi) for March 3. The present troubles in Pakistan are here clearly discernible. Here is a photograph of the Editor, Mr. Zuleri, who, after more than two months' detention, is only now being tried for publishing an inflammatory cartoon. In his absence the Pakistan press has been getting into trouble for trying to report the recent very large and dangerous riots in Karachi, Lahore and Rawalpindi. The principal object of the rioters seems to have been to get rid of the Foreign Minister, Sir Mohammed Zafrullan Khan, who is the leading member of the Ahmediya sect, which was founded in the Punjab to support the claims of Ghulam Ahmed to be a true successor of the Prophet. The Ahmediyas are accused of heresy by their rivals, who want them denounced as a non-Muslim minority. I gather that religious fanaticism is reinforced by political motives, among them a resentment that the Ahmediyas seem to be able to snaffle the best official jobs at home and abroad. We should know more about all this restlessness in Pakistan if the Government would let us. But the most striking thing about my copy of the *Evening Times* is a blank column; the acting Editor explains that no news at all will be given about the riots "as a protest against the Government Order imposing pre-censorship on us under the Security Act." Since the arrest of the Editor the paper has carried the slogan: "There is no democracy without freedom of the press."

* * *

Coronation preparations become everyday more extravagant, expensive, exotic and extraordinary. I am told that the present figure of two million odd, with an estimated net expenditure of a million and a half, is likely in the event to amount to more than three million. The bits of gaiety announced are not all well chosen. I have no objection to Eros in a gilded aluminium cage or even to the statues of women on the coronation route being provided with fresh posies for their marble hands. I have still less objection to boarding up most of the male statues and giving King Charles a private set of banners. While we are about it, why doesn't Mr. Eccles put in a prominent place Rodin's magnificent "Burghers of Calais"—the one really good statue in London—which is now hidden in the Embankment gardens near the House of Lords? It would be appropriate even if only because it commemorates an act of Royal clemency. I find people more annoyed to learn that the rows of important persons are to be seated on thick planks of soft-wood such as are not available to anyone who wants to build his house. Not that anyone grudges Distinguished Persons soft-wood seats, but they do grudge the money when the Government is driven to such meanness in interpreting Mr. Churchill's promise to make the relief of flood disaster a national charge. CRITIC

## ALL GOD'S CHILDREN

The thoughts of America . . . go out to the people of the U.S.S.R. They are the children of the same God.—President Eisenhower, March 5.

First of free nations to a fettered nation
Calls, as the Russians their Little Father mourn;
Washington broadcasts the White House declaration,
Over all wavelengths borne.

"Soviet citizens, every man and woman,
As fellow-creatures officially defined,
Henceforth are scheduled as definitely human,
Members of all mankind.

"Millions lamenting a transient Dictator
Still in humanity have not lost their place,
Reds, like Americans, sons of one Creator
Part of the human race!"

Common humanity wins full recognition.
Hailed by the Voice of America again!
Moscow is roused by the pregnant proposition
"Marxists are fellow-men!"

Frontiers of freedom hopefully expanding,
Leaders of liberty formulate the view,
Contrary evidence and cold war notwithstanding,
Russians are people too!

As men and brothers would Communists not rather
Turn from false creeds at the Presidential call?
Communists also are children of one Father,
Heavenly Father of all!

Bold are the words and wide the repercussions—
Moscow the message fails to gag or jam—
"God is the Father of mankind and the Russians,
And their uncle is Uncle Sam!"

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**
**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

All through this it was possible to notice the difference in character between Lenin and Stalin. Lenin was in many respects more British.—*Manchester Guardian.* (E. M. P. Rowlandson.)

A Pole was fined £1 at Birmingham yesterday for being drunk and disorderly. But he got a guinea as interpreter for a Pole on a similar charge.—*News Chronicle.* (A. Ford.)

A large number of people, including the Board of Inland Revenue, regard income from investments as "unearned." Actually, investors have to do quite a lot of work to maintain their income and capital intact.—*Sunday Times.* (D. B. Read.)

# London Library

ONE thing early learnt by the professional worker with books, the man for whom books are essential tools of his trade, whether scholarship or journalism, is that he can never have too many; and he needs them within easy reach, available at any time at the shortest possible notice. Otherwise his work becomes not so much impossible as a long exasperation, and his life a time-wasting tedium of book-hunting round secondhand bookshops, public libraries and the shelves of his friends, with intervals, desperation having at last been reached, of cooling his heels in the Reading Room of the British Museum and, when the books have at last been placed on his desk, of madly trying to transcribe whole volumes by closing time. If, as we've heard more than once, good books are the precious lifeblood of master spirits, then he needs the stuff not in merely limited quantities but in bucketfuls; and he wants it on tap.

Herein, for the man of letters and the journalist, lies the whole beauty of the London Library. Its inception was, you might say, the exasperated act of that exasperated man Carlyle, maddened with waiting in the British Museum Reading Room. It was founded by men of letters and journalists to meet the needs of men of letters and journalists. For more than a century it has remained faithful to the idea that moved its founders, which is why membership of the Library is still all but essential to the man of letters and journalist today. How faithfully its traditions have been maintained is shown in the remarkable continuity of its committee and officers. Carlyle was president in 1870, Tennyson in 1885, Leslie Stephen in 1893; T. S. Eliot is today. Macaulay, Huxley, Spencer, Monckton-Milnes, Thackeray, Meredith, Gosse, Desmond MacCarthy and E. M. Forster all served on the committee in their time, as G. P. Gooch, Harold Nicolson, Raymond Mortimer and C. V. Wedgwood do now.

You feel the traditional character of the Library as soon as you go up the steps from St. James's Square. The Reading Room of the Museum is haunted by the ghost of Gissing washing his socks in the gentlemen's lavatory; it's a pretty safe bet no one ever washed his socks in the London Library. The Reading Room—for the occasional user it is one of its charms—is still in part the preserve of the lunatic fringe:

> With a smile of secret triumph
> Seedy old untidy scholar,
> Inkstains on his finger-nails,
> Cobwebs on his Gladstone collar.
>
> Down at heel and out of elbow
> Off he goes on gouty feet
> (Where he goes his foxy smell goes)
> Off towards Great Russell Street.

But you'd be surprised to encounter in the London Library the middle-aged ladies in black cycling shorts who read whatever it is they do read in the British Museum: the Library is decidedly the place where Margaret Schlegel and Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Dalloway changed their books. The whole atmosphere of the building proclaims it, the bust of Gosse at the foot of the stairs, the bust of Carlyle in the Art Room, the portraits of Thackeray, Gladstone, Mill, Balfour and the rest on the staircase walls, John Forster's clock above the issuing counter. You're in one of the surviving outposts of nineteenth-century liberal England, dedicated to high thinking and the kind of plain living you get at High Table.

Not that the Library hasn't its sinister side. It would be surprising if those cast-iron corridors between the book-stacks—like cat-walks in ship's engine-rooms, and similarly conducive to vertigo—did not appear in the anxiety-dreams of more than one eminent critic; and there's a tricky little iron spiral staircase, leading to English fiction, Austen, J, to Bronte, E, which was not designed for fat ladies.

The founders envisaged the Library as essentially a private library, so rules are few, and to belong to it is rather like having the freedom of a library belonging to a gentleman—he is nothing if not a gentleman—who combines inordinate wealth with a Leonardo-like appetite for all branches of learning. The gentleman doesn't always know what's on his shelves, and one of the pleasures of using the Library is the occasional *trouvaille* one picks up when looking for something else. My favourite is Leslie Stephen's copy of Kingsley's edition of *The Fool of Quality*, with his annotations to Kingsley's preface. As the scribbles in the margin increase you see Stephen's eyebrows rise higher and higher. "Kingsley's coxcombery is intolerable," he writes; and then: "infernal twaddle" and "Ass! Ass! Ass!" culminating in the pay-off: "I think that even Kingsley never wrote anything more exquisitely silly than this preface." But such finds place one in a dilemma. Tell the Librarian, and it immediately becomes, not a book to be taken from the shelves and read, but an object of historical value to be preserved in a place apart. Don't tell the Librarian, and some over-scrupulous member, recalling Rule II, may set to work with a rubber. Better, on the whole, tell the Librarian.

Of course the Library sometimes lets one down. It has never attempted to compete with the commercial circulating libraries, and new novels, for example, are not bought automatically. In a curious way, this may be a source of gratification to the young novelist. When, his first two or three works having been ignored, he finds that his fourth is on the shelves, he may reflect that any fool, merely by virtue of writing a book, can get in the British Museum, but that if he is in the London Library it is because someone is interested enough in him to suggest his work. From the critic's point of view, however, there is a weakness here, since it means that it's precisely the early, less easily obtainable works of an imaginative writer that the Library is least likely to possess. All the same, one wouldn't wish to see the principle relaxed, and those members who complain—as they have done on and off since the Library was founded—that the provision of books of topical interest is sacrificed to the acquisition of expensive and specialised works of scholarship miss the whole point of the Library's existence. In fact, when the annual subscription was raised to six guineas last year, the falling-off in membership was small.

Very soon, the entrance hall of the Library may present a slightly changed appearance. Some of the card-index cabinets, those showing accessions from 1928 to 1950, will probably go, for in a month of so the Library is to publish the Third Supplement to the Catalogue, taking in some 150,000 titles of books acquired during that period. It is the work of Mr. C. J. Purnell, who was Secretary and Librarian from 1940 to 1950, and will immediately take its place, with the earlier catalogues, as an essential reference book for librarians throughout the world. To the regular borrower it will be another of the boons to which he is indebted to the Library. Since Carlyle, Gladstone, Lord Lyttelton, Cornwallis Lewis, Monckton-Milnes, Philip Pusey and George Venables met as the first committee in July, 1840, a whole new organisation for the circulation of books has come into existence Membership of a London borough library, for instance, enables the borrower to call upon the resources of the whole Metropolitan area; and through the National Central Library he may obtain almost any book in existence. It's admirable; but it still doesn't satisfy the scholar or the journalist. With town members allowed ten books at a time and country members fifteen—and five more for an extra guinea a year—the London Library remains the only library from which you may go away with books in armfuls. As long as this is so it will be indispensable to the literary man.

WALTER ALLEN

# The Indian Village

FAINT hope flickers through the villages of India in an atmosphere deadened for generations by lethargy and despair. Disappointment has dimmed, but not extinguished, the flame that sprang to life when victory crowned the struggle for independence. Plans and promises no longer will suffice to make it glow again—only fulfilment can do that. Indeed must, if India is to survive within a democratic framework. For the 550,000 villages are India. Out of a population of 360 million, no fewer than 250 million depend on agriculture for their livelihood.

A peaceful social revolution has been proclaimed, but it must transfigure the countryside or it will be as sounding brass. As a first stage, feudal landlordism is being gradually abolished, and in some States big properties are being broken up and tenants given the opportunity of ownership, on payment of compensation. Under the Five Year Plan the Provincial Governments are advised to place an upper limit, yet to be determined by them, on the size of holdings. Community Development Projects are being launched to give 12 million people in 165,000 villages the opportunity by self-help and outside aid to create a healthier and more abundant life. It all sounds promising so far as it goes, but what does it look like in the eyes of the villagers?

By a dusty track one reaches a cluster of mud houses set in the midst of palm and banana trees. Mangy mongrels bark, emaciated cows flick fly-festooned tails, and half-naked urchins consumed with curiosity follow in procession along the narrow path between mud walls that leads to a courtyard in front of the only solid-looking building in sight. A thin old man lying on a charpoy (string bed on wooden legs) puts down the hookah he was smoking and rises politely to greet the strangers with folded hands. The charpoy is carried forward to seat the guests and we ask how the crops are faring and if there has been too much or too little rain.

This is a village in East Punjab, not far from the new refugee township of Faridabad. The efficient irrigation system developed by British engineers did not extend thus far, but gives sustenance to a vast area in West Punjab, now a part of Pakistan. But, thanks to past British administrators, the majority of tenants in the Punjab own the land they till, and Indian Government officers are now engaged in the complicated task of consolidating holdings.

Your Indian villager is ready enough to discuss his problems. Let us hear what Narain Das, a bright-eyed peasant, has to say: "Since the British went and our own Government took over, our lives are no different, except that controls make it difficult to get some of the things we need. So far, nothing has happened to

improve our lot, but if we could only get water things would be better. It's a sensible plan to consolidate holdings scattered all over the place. There are a few disputes, naturally, but it will help cultivation. What annoys us is that we have to pay so much an acre to meet the expenses of the Government scheme. The first thing they do when they propose to do us good is to ask for money. If they waited until we felt some benefit, we wouldn't object so much. As to the change people talk about, we don't feel any difference."

Here Ram Lal, a wiry middle-aged labourer, breaks in: "After all, we've only been free a few years. What can you expect in so short a time? It's too soon to judge. Most people are so impatient. After all, we have a new dispensary and we're going to have a road."

"What we want is water," says the dignified old Patwari (revenue collector). "They've given us a community radio set, but we don't take much interest in it. The Five Year Plan? We haven't heard anything about that. If we could see water, we wouldn't want lectures about it."

The village was promised inclusion in a rural development scheme with Faridabad as the centre. That was dropped and now it is included in a Community Development plan, that has not got going yet.

A youth appears, smilingly offering a tumbler of boiled milk which one visitor gratefully accepts. Then Ram Lal joins in again: "Look at Faridabad. It didn't exist three years ago. Look at the electricity there. We might get electricity and tube wells that we've never had before."

"We do realise it's our own Government and we've big hopes that they will benefit us." The speaker is an intelligent looking young man who says he is the village shopkeeper. "We know they're good men on the whole, but nothing's happened yet to prove whether they're good or bad for us. We shall have to wait and see how they do. We give them our goodwill. At any rate, we don't want outsiders. We want to be left alone."

Things are farther on in another village where Community Development work has already begun, with the co-operation of outsiders, in the persons of American technical advisers. A keen young Indian Project Officer conducts us there in a jeep, and the last stage is over a dust road which the villagers have helped to construct. By the roadside, vultures and mongrels are devouring a stinking carcase. From the palm trees hang the ingeniously designed nests of the weaver birds, bearing a strong resemblance to coconuts. With slim grace a crane paddles in the village pond. Parakeets and blue jays flash by in the sunlight. We are greeted by a group of cultivators sitting by the newly concreted village well of which they are obviously proud. "Look, now we should be healthier, with fresh water to drink and wash in," remarks Choudri Sadhuram, who farms 20 acres and has a family of two married sons with two children each, four more children under 12 and two in their teens. "I used to wash my clothes once in three months. Now I can do it twice a week."

Kemlal, a rugged farmer in the seventies, explains that nearly every year the area is under flood water for three months at a time. "We need drainage," he says. "As soon as they build the drain they've promised, we'll have more income and the country will have more food." Going inside the village, the Project Officer points out that the lanes are paved and drained for the first time. We are invited into mud homes whose roof beams have been blackened by smoke. But there are freshly built mud ovens with outlets for the smoke. They are brightly carved and decorated and the householders comment happily: "The old smoke has gone. Now we can breathe."

When the villagers were first persuaded to build ovens, some mischief-maker spread the rumour that the Government would place a tax on each one. Believing that they had been tricked again, they smashed up the new contraptions they had made and it was only after the Project Officer had succeeded in reassuring them that the ovens were rebuilt. This innate suspicion has always to be overcome. A beginning is being made. Education, health, communications, irrigation, cottage industries, housing, improved seeds and implements all figure in the Community Development programme and if the confidence and co-operation of the peasants can be secured and maintained, the countryside will awaken to new life.

The fundamental problem, as all over Asia, is the actual ownership of land. Driving into what used to be called the United Provinces, now renamed Uttar Pradesh (Province of the North) we walk across fields between healthy crops of sugarcane, to reach a compact village of about 500 families. In the middle, a dozen toddlers squat in a circle around a young man teacher who is seated on a chair. At the sight of visitors, lesson books are abandoned, men collect from all directions and in this case women, not troubling to veil, join the curious crowd. The teacher's chair is offered and we sit in the centre of a friendly group of 50 people or more. Tactfully we broach the subject of land. Balloo, a gnarled son of the soil, does not mind at all discussing his affairs with the stranger. He has two married daughters, a son who helps him in the fields, and one of the schoolboys is his. He has been allotted 3½ acres of the land he has always tilled and for which he used to pay the equivalent of £3 a year in rent. Compensation is calculated in U.P. at ten times the annual rental, so he was told that the land would be his when he has paid £30. "I had to borrow the money at 3 per cent. interest per month," he says, "and so far I have only been able to pay the interest. I don't see how I shall ever be able to repay. On top of that I have to pay £2 a year to the Government. If we don't pay up, the land will be handed back to the Zemindar (landowner) although he has been allowed to keep 200 acres. The principle is all right, but we can't afford such payments."

Others butted in at this point. Listen to Naidu, aged about 25, and father of three: "I have five acres and I am just able to manage. I am cultivating the land, but whilst I am paying for it I don't feel that it is really mine." Then begins a general debate:

"We're no better off. Our houses belong to the Zemindar. We shall feel free when we can build our own houses on our own land and not have to pay rent"

"But when we were under the Zemindar, we had to work without pay. He used to take the whole village to work for him for nothing."

"When floods come, no one bothers. But when the rent is due, they're on the spot."

"There's not much benefit yet, as far as I can see, but I hope it will come to us."

A boy throws a stone and startled ducks rise from the pond.

"Ah, the birds of the lake may fly away, but they will come back to the familiar spot," remarks a thoughtful looking fellow who is chewing sugarcane. I ask the relevance of the remark and it is interpreted: "The peasant may have a better time for a while, but he can't get away from his destined lot."

NORMAN CLIFF

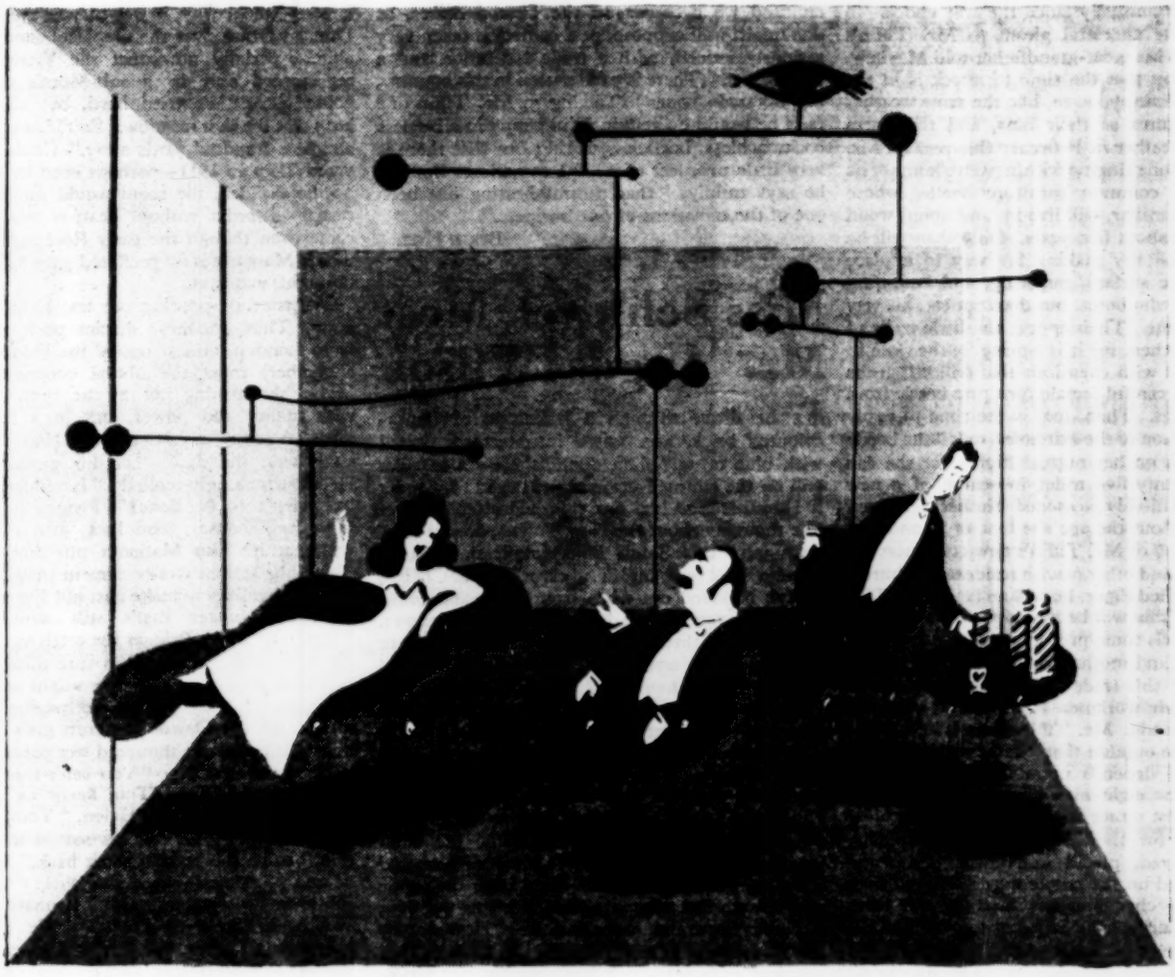
# Unwelcome Guests

"OUR men," reads a little placard in the shop-window, "turned out in one night 30,000 black beetles at a West End club." Henry Mayhew, rummaging among the *bas-fonds* shortly after the Crimean War, sought out the firm of Tiffin and Son, then (since Royal Warrants were not so strictly controlled as they are today) described as "Bug Destroyers to Her Majesty". He found in the reigning Mr. Tiffin an enthusiast for his art, with a healthy respect for his enemy. "I knew a case of a bug," he declared, "who used to come every night about thirty or forty feet . . . to visit an old lady. There was only one bug, and he'd been there for a long time . . . It took me a long time to catch him . . . I had to examine every part of the room, I gave him an extra nip to serve him out." For Mr. Tiffin then, as for Mr. Tiffin now, the creature was and is, unhesitatingly, "he".

Even then, nearly a hundred years ago, the firm was ancient. The Victorian Mr. Tiffin remembered his father, who must have been a late Georgian Mr. Tiffin, going out "killing bugs at his customers with a sword by his side and a cocked hat and bag wig on his head"; and that the Georgian firm was well-established is shown by the appearance of the name in one of Rowlandson's drawings showing a de-lousing operation. Indeed the Victorian Mr. Tiffin asserted—and why doubt him?—that the firm was older than the present dynasty of English kings, and was founded in the reign of William III. There can be few family firms so old that are still under the direct management of a descendant of the founder; for though "Limited" has been added to the firm's title in the last quarter of a century, and its present head is quite young and very forward-looking, he is a Tiffin: there is a great deal of his ancestors in him.

Until fairly recently the firm stuck closely to the original line in which they had served the great Revolution families and other occupants of large houses for so long. As the Victorian Mr. Tiffin said, he worked "for carriage company and such-like approaching it". Bugs, beetles and cockroaches—the first in the servants' bedrooms and the last two in the basements—were the enemy, and the old ledgers show the annual toll, which had risen to about ten guineas a year at the beginning of this century, that the upper classes paid to keep their clubs, town houses and country mansions free of them. The firm served hospitals too, and at least one smart girls' public school, charging rather less. Some of the older workmen still recall the palmy days of the country residences, when a grateful butler would reward a fortunate campaigner with a loin of cold roast pork and a cold chicken to take away.

Noblemen, clubs and hospitals still figure in the books, and the diminishing band of butlers still, as they circulate, sometimes bring in a new customer of the old type. But the present head of the firm considers that the beetles, bugs and cockroaches of the nobility and gentry were the mainstay for too long. Even noblemen are not too proud, nowadays, to take advantage of the subsidised pest-control services of the local authority, and the attack on other game, notably pests which attack wood, has become both possible and important. Domestic work on contract is still done, mostly for flats and offices, offices being the easier proposition, for a block of flats will often contain some "non-pest-conscious" tenant, who refuses admission, and whose flat, consequently, becomes the *grand quartier général* of a harassed beetle army. Such a flat can be identified after a few visits, but, as with neutral territory, it



# Schweppshire shows the Way

## *1. CONVERSATION PIECE*

This glimpse at the Conversation Room of a typical home in Schweppshire shows how we try to embody the future in the present while retaining at the same time a lingering look at the past. Schweppaiev, our leading architect, has long ago dispensed with roof and walls in his buildings and these are now confined to out-of-door settings. Freedom from what has been called the carpet terminal is ensured by the elevation of seats above it, and a swing of the knee, easily practised, will bring talkers face to face or back to back as desired. A lifted finger, and the intercepted electronic eye swings the cocktail table into place. A compact gesture machine which ranges from the meditative stroke of the back of the head to the angrily pointed forefinger, enables speakers to obtain complete rest and relaxation while talking. Note the return to nature in the airy interplay of the communing figures reminiscent of the arboreal life of our remote ancestors.

*Professor Schweppaiev tells us that in a few years furniture will be done away with altogether, and, trained in the exercises of the New Schwyogi, adaptable Schweppsians will achieve the supra-furniture state and be their own tables, footrests, pianos, or, as here, rocking chairs.*

*Designed by Leavitt-Hunt, written by Stephen Potter.*

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE · LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

is not permitted, without the occupier's invitation, to enter, seek out the enemy, and destroy him.

It takes a discussion of the common furniture beetle—this class of work has increased by some forty per cent annually since the war ended—to bring back the ancestral gleam to Mr. Tiffin's eye. Then, as his great-grandfather told Mayhew, he will tell you that the time to attack is in the Spring. Vermin, you see, like the same weather and temperatures as their host, and the warm Spring-like weather in February this year set Mr. Tiffin's telephone ringing within twelve hours of its arrival. The common furniture beetle, whose holes are so familiar, will live in (and upon) wood as a grub for about five years. Only then will he declare himself, by making his way to a place just below the surface, pupating, and becoming a little beetle who bores, but does not eat, his way out of his home. Then appear the little trails of sawdust, and then, for it is Spring, is the time to coat the wood with chemicals that will kill grubs and deter the careful female furniture beetle from laying her eggs. Then, too, is the time to apply a different poison to the exit holes, to kill the beetle as she sets off on her nuptial flight: for she can fly up to twenty-five miles in search of a new home with suitably seasoned timber. Twenty years old is about the age she fancies it, and that is why so many of Mr. Tiffin's new customers are in Metroland and other newish residential suburbs. But, like the Pied Piper, he will go far afield. This Spring, Mr. Tiffin will be bound for Fort William.

The firm sells some preparations, mainly aimed at rats, mice, and moths, which are mixed on the premises, but this trade arises mainly out of the success of their workmen in attracting amateurs to try their hands. Mr. Tiffin himself echoes his ancestor in the opinion that "secrets aren't worth much, for all depends upon the application of them." Of the eight men who work under Mr. Tiffin, the most senior has been with the firm for thirty years, for they like their men to stay. "Even-tempered, placid individuals" are said to be best, and on the whole a middle-aged man looking for a change takes better to the work than an aspiring youth. It is not easy to find the right man, for in addition to resourcefulness and an equable temper he must be acceptable in all types of household, be ready to work at night and on his own, and, above all, be a permanent student of his art.

On the whole the family has been an enterprising one, and the present Mr. Tiffin is no exception to his forbear who celebrated the end of the Crimean War with a "transparency":

MAY THE
DESTROYERS OF PEACE
BE DESTROYED BY US
TIFFIN AND SONS
BUG DESTROYERS TO HER MAJESTY

But the present Mr. Tiffin's predecessor (not, it is to be noted, a member of the direct male line) was an exception, and was slow to turn to the great new fields opened up by science during his reign. It is to be feared, too, that during his inglorious days the most venerable of the firm's archives, that would show a little-known side of English social history with considerable minuteness, disappeared. And although the firm possesses a fine collection of worm-eaten woodwork, moth-eaten green baize, and several well-preserved beetles, the Victorian master's collection of bug-skins ("of all sizes and colours" as he assured Mayhew), is no longer to be seen.

Still, though bigger competitors have stolen a march on the business that was first in the field, it is difficult for the social historian to be sorry that the firm should have survived in the shape it has, with a working master and eight men. They have plenty to do, and in some ways the real struggle is only just beginning. We are better armed and cleaner, but we are more attractive hosts. Pests love us more, the richer and more civilised we become. In the United States, as one might well suppose, pest control is taken very seriously indeed, with a trade federation and a trade paper. (There is a federation in this country, but no trade paper.) Talking to Mr. Tiffin one feels he would be genuinely unhappy in a bugless cockroachless, beetleless world; but that there is very little prospect of it. "I sometimes think," he says mildly, "that central heating has been one of the salvations of our business."

BERIN HILL

# Miss Schlegel, Meet Mr. Angus Wilson

As he drove through a landscape of honey-coloured brick, here raised into terraces dotted with blue or vermilion doors, there set in piles still on the churned-up mud, he began to wonder if Howards End had not vanished after all. But idle thoughts about the New Towns, dowdy from birth (oh! this South Bank jollification, like a woman civil servant in a dirndl at a Chelsea party), flickered out when from chaos and traffic the house rose before him. The nine windows, yes, three by three; the paddock; and behind, in shadow, the wych-elm, its most splendid branches, alas! lopped off after some gale.

*La nausée du seuil*: who had said that? And why had one come, at what fancied summons? The *démodé*, he reflected, could scarcely have grace or the whiff of terror in it: by special dispensation, perhaps, high tragedy—the Atridae of Hertfordshire—but that was not to be thought of: here, more likely, the vegetable life amid japanned screens and copies of *Jacob's Room* and *The Village Labourer*, the slide into apologetic Buddhism. But apprehension ebbed as the door opened. There they were, indeed—"How do you do?"—Margaret bony, toothy, her hair only streaked with grey, and fumbling for her pince-nez; Helen bursting out of the living-room—"Oh! I'm so glad you found the way"—red-faced under a white mop, stout and hearty in tweeds. It was Margaret, he noted with slight surprise, who had gone in for beads.

"Do come in—oh, this wretched New Town, nobody knows where anything is any more." The room, he was gratified to see, looked presentable: Helen had plainly taken to ghastly good taste in the 'twenties, but enough survived of their old Liberty stock; why, it was (if you overlooked the Duncan Grant over the fireplace) almost fashionable, especially now that the Victorians (here represented only by a sub-Morris chair) were going out. "We tried hard, but all we could keep was the first meadow. So the new houses are almost a hundred yards away." Could they have voted Tory in 1951—perhaps even in 1950? But no, he decided, the room would not do: it was casual—disorder without heat; it was (the word came even though the early Rockingham teacup which Margaret now proffered gave him a twinge of doubt) stagnant.

Margaret sat pouring out tea; Helen chattered away. Thus, in these distant parts (it was far from London, almost out of the Home Counties altogether) must the liberal conscience defend itself: skirmishing not at the centre of things with malice and power, but in a half-hearted museum with its own ghosts. Had disenchantment won the day? To his guarded inquiry Helen surprisingly replied: "It's filthy, of course, but what's to be done?" People, he gathered, must have houses. Bad luck, grin and bear it, was that it? But Margaret put down her cup. "No," the serious words came in snatches, "that's what Helen likes to make out; but I'm sure there's something bigger that's still wrong." From Royston to Three Bridges the earth sighed. "And yet I do think . . . Yes, I'm sure things have got better in so many ways; we might still muddle through. . . ." Balance-of-payments charts shrank; on the Downs the corn grew straighter; hope glistened on a thousand wet pavements.

He hinted politics. "You can't think how out of it we are." "But Tom keeps us informed." Tom? "Yes," chanted Helen, "Tom, Tom, the farmer's son." "He lost his seat at the last election, but he thinks he'll get it back." Of course: he and . . . Helen's voice was level: "He and my son grew up together, yes." "Leonard's with the W.E.A. in Stoke-on-Trent." "We thought he might be a farmer, but . . ." "You can't tell, he might yet." "Anyway, as Tom says, he likes the work—he even likes Stoke." They were great friends, were they not? But Margaret said: "Look, the sun's going down." So it was, orange in the oyster sky, inflaming the bricks and bull-dozers on the hillside, leaving the rescued meadow in deepening darkness.

The something mutually defensive in all their postures was in his mind when Helen charged. At first he could not make out her grievance—was it those people in the Banbury Road who "weren't really like that, you know . . . oh dear"? But Margaret rallied. Cousinship was the trouble. "Bernard Sands, we knew him so well at one time." This was what came after, a long way after, hemlock. "We admired what you wrote about him, but we didn't thoroughly understand it." Could his morals, perhaps, have been news to them? "Yes and no." "You mean," interjected Helen, "his being homosexual?" He had hoped she would bring the word out, watched for a special heartiness: they would both, he felt sure, have "understood" in that 1910-ish way. But they must either have got out of the way of "understanding" or got beyond it, for Helen said it flatly and went on: "No, that's not it. But morals are the trouble all right. You say he died because he suddenly 'connected' all his attempts to love, to be of use, to do good" (she did seem to realise that "doing good" was almost an obscenity) "with motives that seemed unknowable and cruel." "Connecting" had been part of it, certainly. "But surely," she triumphed, "it's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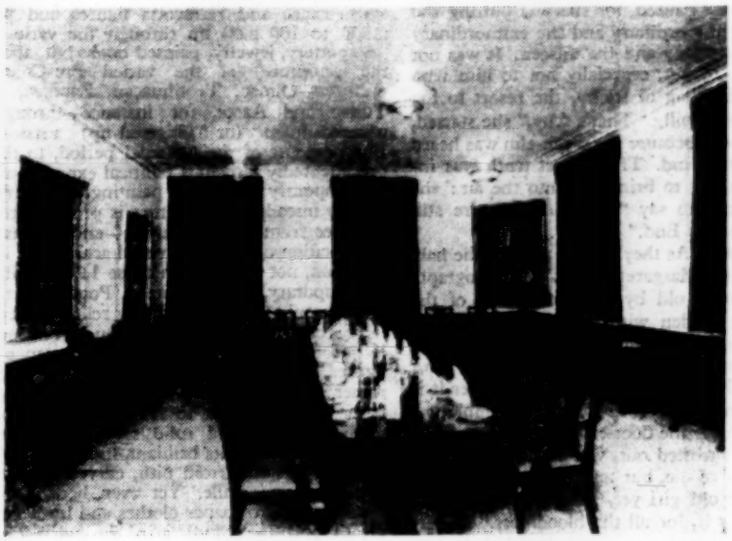

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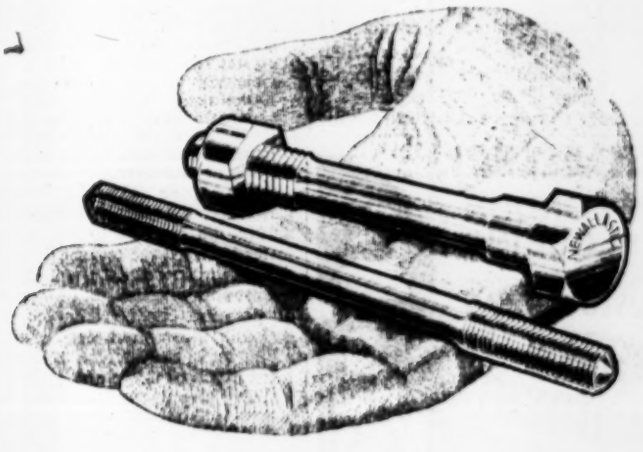


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when you do 'connect' that you're alive, and when you don't that you begin to die." Perhaps he had started too late? "The 'tattered humanist,' yes—but then, if he was dying all these years, so that one spurt into life was enough to finish him, why make out that he's the best we can do? Just a few fragments amid the panic and emptiness." Perhaps, he suggested, because desperate fragments were all that nature, not merely the mirror, could show.

It was Margaret who intervened: they were in full cry now, an unsexed Siva with four deprecating hands and two peacock voices. "What worries me isn't what you say Bernard was: it's what he wasn't—what he had to fight against—and it's the victory you allow him." "Yes," cried Helen, 'such a morality you make of it! And you such a castigator. These people he had to deal with—jungle beasts, biting, backbiting one another—it's the knowledge that he's more like them than he thought that kills him. And yet when he's dead you say he wins. It seems a cheap victory to me." "Pyrrhic" was the word he murmured as he breathed in the fumes of her deliciously antique optimism. But Helen was off on another tack. "And then as he dies, you have him envy the capable and authoritative—I should have thought it was among them you'd have found death and anger, not just among the criminals and the conscience-stricken." "They are," said Margaret, glancing at her wedding-ring, now rather loose, "very necessary people all the same. I don't see how you can classify—Tom knows what to do with authority, for instance, and Leonard will have nothing to do with it—and they're both sweet and good and decent people, so far as any of us are. No, I don't believe they were all so horrible and hungry for power as you made out (plain criminals aren't very interesting, you know) though I think the horror and the hunger are deeper, more hidden, among all of us than you said." She tried to think it out. There had been odours from the abyss before. But you could explore a cesspit, you could deplore it: what could you do with the Pacific Ocean? And yet, just how wide, how deep *was* the crevice?

"Couldn't the victory," she hazarded, "be more splendid than you think, and yet more difficult? Oh dear, this is all so—" and her hand, red from the sink, made the liberal's vague salute to the complexity of human affairs. His expectations confirmed, he longed to search the house for the dry bones of discontent, to uncover in its floorboards the wasp's nest of spite. But Margaret was still musing. "I think—yes, I do think there are things that Bernard missed, that could have helped him. Do you notice he never seems to have cared for any *place*? It isn't just that he got his personal relations wrong—there is something else." She paused, for she was putting the claim both of the ordinary and the extraordinary life, of the daily grey and the unseen. It was not an easy claim to put, especially not to him who watched for the flag of frailty, the resort to the spiritual sleeping-pill. "That's why," she started, but said no more because the wych-elm was heard creaking in the wind. The inmost truth was indeed a frail thing to bring out into the air: she had been going to say "That's why we're still living at Howards End."

That was that. As they rose to go into the hall, he noticed on Margaret's desk a photograph, twenty-five years old by the look of it, of the sisters in the garden with three men—one very old (Mr. Wilcox, no doubt), two very young. He looked at it and she looked at him. Finally "No," she said firmly, "no, Mr. Wilson: whatever it is you have in mind, that is *not* what I am thinking." She did not leave the doorway; but as he got into his car Helen trotted out, white hair flying: "I know I've got to die, but tell them there's plenty of life in the old girl yet," she cried, "and I'm going to enjoy it, for all the bloodiness." A pity (he thought, sketching a wave, half valedictory, half deprecatory, with one hand while he pulled the gear lever with the other), yes (he reflected as the brick terraces once again rose dim in the darkness), a pity that the old girl should swear. *Pygmalion*, he remembered, had been first performed in 1914.

JOHN ROSSELLI

**100 to 1...**

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## MEXICO

"Only the ugly is æsthetic now," said the young Mexican artist. Personally, he seems as gentle and self-effacing as the nicest of lambs. Yet his caricatures are hideous, hideous without mirth or whimsicality. Blood-hideous. Grim, earnest hideousness. Like the Aztec things, the Aztec carvings. They all twist and bite. That's all they do. Twist and writhe and bite, or crouch in lumps. And coiled rattlesnakes, many, like dark heaps of excrement.

Thus spake D. H. Lawrence, in 1923. Lawrence, the poet, brilliantly aware of form in nature, did not care to linger over it in art; but, instead, chased the essence lying beyond the form. An art critic cannot quite do this. He has an almost scientific interest in the means of sculpture or painting. Poetic flair for divining essential meaning must often, even if he possesses it, be reined in, in the interests of descriptive truth. So I turned from Lawrence to Fry and found this:

> But here in Mexico, where every phase of life seems imbued with religious sadism, we find indeed that while the content of the art, the subjects depicted, are often of revolting cruelty—there is, for example, a relief in the British Museum which represents a priest pulling a cord into which aloe thorns have been knotted through his tongue—we find that the plastic idiom, the quality of the curves, the choice of proportion and so forth, arouse in us feelings of an almost contrary kind . . . a feeling of serenity and calm. . .

And this, precisely, is the point: indeed it is *always* the point. The palpable forms, the actual rhythms, the precise manipulations of space—these are the prime realities, the determining factors, the definitive features which cause an art to be great or trivial. Even the horror of a stone bowl made for containing twitching human hearts, fresh-torn from sacrificial victims, is in a curious way neutralised if the thing is "beautiful": that is, if it transmits a vital rhythm. Vitality in art is as impersonal an element as truth in philosophy or correct measurement in science. Mere human suffering cannot deflect it.

This stone bowl is one item among 1,243 at the present mammoth exhibition of the art of Mexico at the Tate Gallery. Mexico itself, all of it, you feel, must be here. From the archaic earthenware and terracotta figures and pottery (1500 to 100 B.C.) up through the various arts (the pottery, jewelry, painted books but, above all, the sculpture) of the varied Pre-Columbian cultures—Olmec, Teotihuacán, Zapotec, Maya, Toltec and Aztec, for instance—through the watered-down (or gingered-up) versions of European art of the Colonial period, to the unprecedentedly ferocious political expressionism of contemporary Mexican painting, this hypnotic display uncoils. Architecture is probably the sole absentee from this exhaustive—and exhausting—presentation of Mexican visual art. There is even a section, not included in these 1,243 exhibits, of contemporary, but traditional, Popular Art. And it is the only light-hearted, gay relief we get, with its cheeky featherwork; its gaudy but brilliant lacquer work and pottery; its huge paper *Judas* figures, painted with the skeleton (an impudent rather than a macabre device), whose veins are fuses branching out to fireworks placed at the joints; its skulls of solid sugar; its figures of plaited palm; and its brilliant, luminous toy fruits made, I imagine, from pith, carved and stained. We relax and smile. Yet even here, amid the festival flutter of paper clothes and leather masks, Death and the Skull grin through. There is darkness in the light.

If we leave out most of the Colonial exhibits (Holman Huntish landscapes: extremely diluted Chardin still lifes from the late nineteenth or early twentieth centuries) the undeniable spiritual unity of Mexican art at once becomes apparent. I say "most" of these exhibits because even among the baroque gilt wood archangels there is a rhythm foreign to European baroque. The logic and curvilinear sweep of European baroque begins to break down. In the huge, glittering, gilt retable from the "Ex-convento de Tepotzotlán" the flat, restless repetitiveness of Pre-Columbian architectural ornament is already beginning to seethe—gold maggots under the curves. Nevertheless, it is in the contemporary painting that the spirit (but the *spirit* as distinct from the *form*) of ancient Mexico reasserts itself so strikingly—and horrifically. Executions, dismemberings, torture and anguish recur as the subject matter of a high proportion of the modern paintings—as they did in these impressive engravings of José G. Posada, who died in 1913; a sort of Mexican Daumier. Incidentally, far too many living painters are represented; with the result that in one room at least the general level, and the confusion, really are equivalent to little more than an art school sketch-club.

But the unity I've mentioned is not æsthetic. It is spiritual. The violence, the sadism, and the sense of hopeless, unredeemable fear in the face of Death—ever present, not only in the dark, like a ghost, but in the brightest daylight this planet can provide for its inhabitants—these are the perennial content of Mexican art. An Aztec stone sculpture is a noontide ghost, a midday hallucination. The dark meets the light with dramatic violence in Toltec, Maya or Aztec art, literally as well as metaphorically. Designed to be read under the more or less vertical rays of a burning sun, the transitions of plane in Aztec sculpture are abrupt and violent: indeed the commonest relationship between planes is an angle either of forty-five or ninety degrees. Such transitions create ledges—chin, nose, brows—casting deep shadows under a strong sun. The sculptural image of the Aztecs was not, therefore, an affair of subtly modelled surfaces merging imperceptibly into one another: it was an arrangement of startling oppositions of black and white—of sunlit stone barred and striped and interrupted by a pattern of black shadows. And this effect is reproduced, in the magically darkened Tate, by vertical spotlighting so that many a lurid visage

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appears already encaged . . . by the bars of its own shadows. *Coatlicue,* goddess of Death and Earth (396) gains from such dramatic, down-filtering jungle light. But the wonderful subtlety of *The Adolescent* (375) is lost.

Form in Aztec sculpture is box-like, a counterpoint of rectangular volumes. And this rectilinear crank-shaft rhythm—it is, of course, the principal underlying formal theme in Henry Moore, who derived it from Mexico—permeates the art of all these Pre-Columbian cultures, not only in the pattern of decorative relief in sculpture but in the actual direction of the three-dimensional forms themselves. A rather obvious illustration is in the hands and arms of the *Coatlicue* already mentioned. Her arms hang vertically, and close to her sides, from shoulder to elbow; her forearms are held out straight in front of her and are horizontal, forming right angles with the upper arms at the elbows. Then, hands raised, making a second right angle at the wrists, she exposes her palms, which therefore make a vertical plane. But her fingers she shoots forwards at us, producing a third right angle. Mostly, however, the crank-shaft movement is less explicit than this. It is the profound, unifying formal principal sustaining and lending power to what would otherwise often be no more than an inchoate mass of writhing, savage detail.

This very powerful, insistent, rectilinear pulse is at its hardest and sharpest in the Aztec carvings. The near abstract *Head of a Macaw* (575), with its three pierced tunnels for eyes and mouth, is remarkably near to modern art both in form (a Moore abstract) and feeling (the double-eyed, hallucinatory profile of Picasso). But this square rhythm softens in the preceding cultures—the *Macaw* is actually Toltec, nearest of any to Aztec in quality—and it is of course totally absent from the contemporary paintings. That is why I limit the unity of Mexican art to the spiritual. How strange it is that, in an age when the rhythms of Aztec or Teotihuacán sculpture pulse so loud for us here in Europe, coinciding as they do with the superb formal qualities of Cubism, the modern Mexican is virtually oblivious of them. True, Rivera was once a Cubist: true, Tamayo is an exception. But it is the morbid savageness of ancient Mexico, not its impeccable formalism, that the later Rivera, Orozco, Sequeiros and others recapitulate in crude political terms. Orozco's hacked bodies, huge in scale, violent in paint, destroy the picture-surface completely: they are sculptural, not pictorial, forms—an elementary expressionist fault. Tamayo alone is still a good painter. And *his* formal gravity and control come from Paris direct. For the rest one repeats: "Only the ugly is æsthetic now."

PATRICK HERON


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## A RUSSIAN COMPOSER

SERGEI PROKOFIEV, whose death was announced last Sunday, died four days earlier, on Wednesday, March 4th. The delay in releasing the news is unimportant but characteristic. One can't have too many people dying at the same time. Not only the life and work of this composer, but his death too, had to fit the overriding needs of the State. He was only 61.

Prokofiev was one of the leading Soviet musicians on whom fell the blow of February 10th, 1948, when the Central Committee published its Decree on Music, condemning, on the charge of "formalist perversions," the very composers who had been most loudly praised during the previous decade. All the offenders recanted, and only Prokofiev failed to make any sort of effective comeback. Already a sick man, he did his best to supply what was wanted; but not even an opera entitled *The Life of a Real Person* and dealing with a heroic Soviet airman who lost both legs in the war, sufficed to clear him from the charge of "Western formalist decay."

It may be asked why this brilliant and successful composer should have chosen, in 1934, to return to Russia and submit to such galling infringements of his artistic liberty. The main reason was homesickness. Both as a musician and as a human being, Prokofiev was Russian to the core; and when his brilliant *Wanderjahre* as virtuoso and *enfant terrible* were over, he felt an overpowering desire to go home. "Foreign air," he said to a friend in Paris, "does not suit my inspiration, because I'm a Russian, and that is to say the least suited of men to be an exile." At that time Russian artists were enjoying a spell of relative freedom and Prokofiev could hardly have foreseen the wintry climate of the Zhdanov era. What was to render him particularly obnoxious to the Zhdanov circle was his brilliant cosmopolitan background, and above all his association with such "degenerate, blackguard, anti-Russian lackeys of the Western bourgeoisie" as Diaghilev.

He was, by all accounts, a lively, affectionate, clever, clear-sighted man; and in an autobiographical sketch of 1941 he distinguished with remarkable objectivity, four elements in the creative evolution of his style. (1) *Classical,* best exemplified in the delightful Classical Symphony, which is not so much a parody as an affectionate paraphrase of Haydn. (2) *Love of Innovation,* traced by the composer to a comment of Taneiev on the "rather elementary harmony" of a student symphony (conservative professors should be careful what they say to clever and spirited boys!). (3) *The toccata, or motor, element,* "probably influenced by Schumann's Toccata, which impressed me greatly at one time." This note of physical exuberance—which has also been called his "football manner"—has been a constant and, at times, a wearisome feature of his style. (4) *The lyrical element,* which was "for a long time denied appreciation" and so "has grown but slowly." It is not surprising that, writing for a Soviet journal, the composer should have made little of a fifth element, "which the critics try to foist on me, that of the grotesque." But the critics were quite right. The vein of sarcasm, grotesquerie and caricature was from the first a pronounced element in his artistic personality, and a decidedly Russian one too: we find it throughout Russian literature, and early Shostakovitch is full of it.

Always a fine craftsman, Prokofiev made a good job of what cannot have been an altogether congenial task: the composition of "big" Soviet symphonies. In the long, serious movements of his Fifth and Sixth Symphonies there is some fine material, together with a certain amount of rubble; but the general effect is exhilarating. He was by nature an easy, fluent, eupeptic composer; the sound of his orchestral writing is always delightfully sharp and clear; and when, as in his finales, he drops into his old vein of teasing impudence, it is difficult (unless one is a Zhdanov) not to smile. But the official complaints, offensive and absurdly expressed as they were, had some substance in them. Prokofiev was not really suited to the earnest, monumental style. If we turn back from these late works to the early Violin Concerto in D, we are conscious of an artistic gulf. In the concerto he gave free rein to his lyrical fantasy: it contains the heart of his genius in an extraordinarily pure and sweet form. A second Violin Concerto, composed about the time of his return to Russia, is only slightly less spontaneous. Though we know nothing of his late operas, *Simeon Kotko, War and Peace* or the ill-fated *Life of a Real Person,* we may doubt whether he ever surpassed these early masterpieces (the Third Piano Concerto is another) with their endearing fusion of lyricism and *diablerie.* His talent, like that of Jean Cocteau, was perhaps of the kind which belongs essentially to youth; and the always difficult transition from dazzling youth to artistic maturity was rendered impossible for him by the dull nagging of authority.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

*The Father* explores the life and death struggles of the sexes, which is Strindberg's conception of marriage. Since there is an element of universal truth in this conception, and it is expressed with a masterly compression in this play, the work will presumably live. But since the conception contains only an element of universal truth, and the play treats this as if it were the whole truth, and carries that truth to an appalling logical conclusion in action, the play's appeal will always be limited. The relation between the sexes is not simply and solely a struggle to the death. In the average couple (if there indeeed be such a thing) the struggle remains far enough below the surface to be safe. The rumble of battle is heard only occasionally and in the distance. To such *The Father* might even seem absurd. If there had been a shade less monomania in Strindberg himself, if he had been a little more human, then the play might have been actually popular, a taut drumskin of melodrama stretched over a frame of profound insight into human nature. As it is one can never see it—or so it seems to me—without the uncomfortable feeling that it is too near the edge, that it will presently sound not the drumbeat of truth but the whine of hysteria. It lies on the very boundary of the lunatic fringe.

It is for this reason, I think, that the acting and producing of it are so very difficult. An audience (unless it is predisposed for some reason to reverence) is always only a hair's-breadth away from dispelling its horror with a healthy burst of unbelieving laughter. Let actor or producer put one foot only an inch wrong, and the mood will be dispersed. The current production at the Arts triumphantly avoids this, tramping across the tightrope with absolute confidence as if it were solid ground. Mr. Wilfred Lawson is an extraordinarily credible Captain. The gruff tight-lipped speech and stiff erect little back are all the soldier's, when we first see him in easy and even humorous command of himself in the world of men. It is an easy transition by which the speech will eventually thicken into a disjointed jumble and the humour become sardonic to the point of violence. We need the emphasis of that savage humour, as actor and producer bring it out here, for a periodic safety valve, and Mr. Lawson can instantly control it. His command and power are absolutely compelling. Perhaps there is a slight drop in the scene after he has been put in the strait jacket but it rises again to a fine climax when he curses his wife and all

women ; and everywhere else the control is perfect, the pitch caught with an absolute assurance.

This " drop " is, anyhow, there in the text. It is a most curious exchange, that first one between him and Laura after she has captured him. It strikes me each time that I hear it as the one false note in the play—I mean Laura's speech denying that she had any conscious plan in doing what she did, when the opposite is so clearly true and she has no reason at all now he is completely at her mercy to pretend otherwise. Or is this simply Strindberg demonstrating his conviction of the utter duplicity of women ? In that case it does not come off, placed at this point. If anyone could have made it fit, Miss Beatrix Lehmann would have done so. Her performance too was beautifully controlled. On that strange expressive face of hers the slightest of expressions are immensely magnified. The danger with it would be of telling too much. But Miss Lehmann never once falls into that trap. Laura is a diabolical woman, but if the play is to succeed she must not shade over into being a melodramatic monster. Miss Lehmann keeps her plausible without minimising her ruthlessness. Mr. Peter Cotes is to be warmly congratulated on his production which notes all the finest shades. Strindberg at this period took his naturalism extremely seriously and Mr Cotes has reinforced that with a continuous application of felicitous small touches which relate the extreme events to everyday domestic reality. But this does not mean that he misses any one of the dramatic climaxes (the famous lamp throwing episode is now effectively managed.) Finally, Mr. Max Faber's translation is a very great improvement on any other that I have read or seen.

T. C. WORSLEY

## "THE SHADOW"

THE story of John Cranko's new ballet for the Sadler's Wells Company at Covent Garden has a naivety that assorts ill with the far more sophisticated choreography, music and decor. This is a flaw in the conception of the ballet as a whole, and one which makes even its best moments unsatisfying. A young man loves a girl, but he cannot get along with her because there is always The Shadow between them ; at length he boldly faces The Shadow and attacks it ; the cloak falls and he sees that there is nothing there. Disappointingly, we do not feel very pleased, surprised, or sorry, or anything at the young man's triumph ; for though the moral and psychological inferences are simple enough there is no attempt to express them choreographically. Mr. Cranko has given himself an essentially emotional situation that must be brought to a climax by emotional tensions created from the music, movement and decor. All three of these, individually and collectively, fail to create the least tension ; or rather, they never attempt it. The decor and movement are conceived in a pastoral-symphonic style that has a faintly abstract quality, while the music—to be honest, the style of Erno von Dohnányi's music left no definite impression on my senses. John Piper's speckled-hen landscape of trees and sky varied very much according to the lighting. When fully lit the stage became alive with the sense of air and space ; but when the front drop was silhouetted in an effort to give some sort of sinister quality to The Shadow, the effect was clumsy and vulgar.

The young ballerina, Svetlana Beriosova is triumphant in this work. She is one of those rare beings—the natural dancer. It is astonishing with what simplicity and ease she moves through complicated attitudes, where others twist and strain ; for there appear to be no nervous tensions in her body, which falls and springs with the lithe softness of a cat. It is out of such heaven-gifted creatures that the stars of the ballet world are made, since no amount of training can give this inborn beauty to every pose. Miss Beriosova's cream-like dancing as Romantic Love was excellently counterbalanced by Rowena Jackson as the Other Girl. Miss Jackson has a humour in her smile and a smart technique that brighten the stage when she appears.

On the same evening *Le Lac des Cygnes*, Act II, was to be seen through a delicate fog. Beryl Grey was a handsome Odette, though her arms have grown too steely and mechanical for the mysterious and exquisite expression of the Swan Princess. The *corps de ballet* started off with lively precision, but collapsed half-way into those ragged lines that make one long to call on the fiercest drill sergeant the Army can provide to teach it an unforgettable lesson.

ANNABEL FARJEON

## THE MOVIES

**"The Bad and the Beautiful," at the Empire**
**"Come Back, Little Sheba," at the Plaza**
**"The Titfield Thunderbolt," at the Leicester Square**
**U.P.A. Cartoons, at the Cameo, Charing Cross Road**

*The Bad and the Beautiful* belongs to that extravagant order of films in which Hollywood appraises itself : *Sunset Boulevard* and *All About Eve* are exemplars. This new piece rivals neither the fantasy of the one nor the wit of the other ; but, unmistakably, it aims for their class, and falls short of it. All the old wheels of inspiration start turning : the power-myth, without the power, of *Citizen Kane* ; the search for a character; the ruthlessness drenched in sentimentality ; the appeal against human nature that begins thrillingly but dwindles off in the tedium of no new evidence. Hollywood can only appraise, never criticise, itself.

Thus the legend to be created is that of a film-maker whose genius tramples others. But those he has brought to life and exploited have gone on to succeed, and cursing him, give in to the old charm when, out of a job, he appeals to their talents. This actress, whom he has loved and flung out, will play his leading lady ; this director, whose ideas he has stolen, will knuckle under ; this script-writer will forget a wife lured off to her death and sit down to write his master-script. The presupposition is, of course, that our unscrupulous hero has genius, and that this convergence of fictitious names and talents will produce the film of a life-time. But since the only talent we can judge of is Miss Lana Turner's as the actress, which seems no better than usual ; what illusions can we foster of Mr. Barry Sullivan's direction, or Mr. Dick Powell's dialogue ? It's all hooey, then ? But that is where bluff and charm step in.

Mr. Kirk Douglas, as the rogue genius, parades both, modelling himself on the early Spencer Tracy of *Quack Millions*, and having some natural resemblance and affinity. He gets away with it not badly : given a substantial character in a real story, his would indeed rank as a first-rate performance. The film's other asset is the direction of Mr. Vincente Minelli, which carries off the first story (there are three, given in flashbacks), and does its best with the others ; but by that time we are past persuasion and kindling. I preferred to the brilliant pretensions of *The Bad and the Beautiful* last week's workaday *The Star*, which at least could boast that its fascinator had the fascination of Miss Bette Davis.

Miss Shirley Booth (whom I don't remember to have seen before) gives distinction to *Come Back, Little Sheba*, a grey little stage drama with a catch in the throat, almost a silly, middle-aged, splay-legged, slatternly wife with schoolgirl dreams, and an ex-alcoholic husband. It harrows almost as much with its careful pathos as with the relapse of the husband (Burt Lancaster) into a drinking bout, from which he returns to a home suddenly crowned sweet home.

Still, its domesticity tugs. The fun of *The Titfield Thunderbolt*—how disappointingly—drags. This is Ealing's exploration of a joke : the railway joke. We've had, fairly successfully, the schoolgirl joke and the nationality joke—what other English jokes are there ? Railways

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ought to have been fair game, and a discontinued branch line run by local talent should have filled the bill nicely. The century-old engine and coaches that finally, in Technicolor, take the rails, catch the eye deliciously; parson drives, bishop stokes; then what's wrong? Only, I'm afraid, that the whole thing is a charade so laboriously conventionalised that our non-laughter becomes in the end painful.

The U.P.A. programme at the Cameo restores humour. *Gerald MacBoing Boing* remains the masterpiece of the new movement, though *Madeline* runs it close with a charm that several revisits will not exhaust. The best of the others is *Rooty-Toot-Toot*, based on the dramatic ballad *Frankie and Johnnie*. Not the least pleasure of these cartoons is their music which breaks happily away from cluck and croon.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

# Correspondence

## AUSTRALIAN LABOUR

SIR,—Your correspondent has commented superficially and misleadingly on the swing to Labour in the recent State Elections in N.S.W. and Western Australia. It seems obvious, as he says, that only a miracle can save the Tory Government from being swept from office, but he is deluded if he imagines that there has been a swing to the Left to cause this.

Mr. Menzies put the late Mr. Chifley out of office by means of typical anti-Socialistic propaganda, reinforced by a Press scare-campaign on Labour's bank nationalisation proposals. Inflation finally grew to such proportions that the Government was forced to impose comparatively high taxation, in spite of having promised reductions, and some of the wickedly Socialistic restrictions which it had so effectively condemned before the election. As a result, business and the Press, which had largely contributed to the victory, became increasingly critical, although the Press took care to point out that the country need not have expected anything better from Labour. Apparently determined to prove the opposite, Dr. Evatt's Opposition has been playing Mr. Menzies' pre-1949 role, advocating tax cuts, "incentives" for business, abolition of irksome restrictions.

Thus the mild Socialistic measures, on the criticism of which the Tories gained power and were themselves forced to apply in part, have been exploited in turn by Labour with much effectiveness in recent Federal bye-elections and three complete State Elections to the tune of a 6-9 per cent swing. But far from being a swing to the Left, this is merely a renewed movement Right, ironically Labour-inspired, after a Tory Government has been forced part of the way Leftwards. Labour is evidently going to gain handsomely, but your experience in England has shown what ultimately happens to a Labour Government which appeases the Right for the sake of short-term expediency.

RAYMOND FISHER

Newcastle, N.S.W.

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## HOUSING REALITIES

SIR,—I invited your correspondent to say what we should do without in order to make possible his progressive housing policy based on 400,000 new houses annually. His answer is, as I suspected, to cut our military commitments. More butter and less guns always is the answer given to critics of impracticable but attractive political proposals. But that answer has its limitations; proposals for Defence cuts *of the size needed* to sustain such a house-building programme would, I think, in contemporary circumstances have barren results at the polls.

Yet I, even more than your correspondent, want something done quickly to deal with the housing situation; my plea was for an emergency policy which is possible as well as desirable. What is wanted is a quicker, less expensive (albeit temporary) *slum salvage* programme which could proceed alongside the long-term policy of slum clearance and comprehensive redevelopment. It is just because I think it wrong to "condemn millions to a lifetime in the slums" that I would like to see large-scale action through the local authorities to manage and control the rehabilitation and rescue from impending degeneration of the bulk of our older houses. Private enterprise is not doing this, and without assistance and public control or compulsion will not do it properly no matter how much rents are liberated. As a job it is about as "economic" (or profitable) as building Anderson shelters; the outlay must be written off in 10 to 20 years, in which time redevelopment may have caught up with the problem of providing permanent and really satisfactory rehousing to the extent needed.

The scope for conversion, improvement and modernisation of existing buildings has its limits; I agree the kind of project envisaged is a stop-gap and that it will involve local authorities in much trouble. But as part of a properly staged plan for the comprehensive redevelopment of our cities and towns, now rotting outwards from the centre, such possibilities have as yet hardly been investigated. Where schemes of such limited ambitions are found worth implementing, because they provide *now* improved and sanitary housing for those living in the *worst* housing conditions, our housing authorities will, incidentally, learn more about the views of our urban population on the various proposals for decanting people into the New Towns and the as yet open countryside. I hope they will tell the town planners what they learn.

EWAN WALLIS-JONES

London, N.W.3.

SIR,—Your correspondent's article "Housing Realities" showed how the Sample Census figures could be used to make a new assessment of Britain's housing needs. A comparative analysis of housing in England and Scotland, based partly on the same source figures, was published in January by the Scottish Area Committee of the Association of Scientific Workers. Whilst "Housing Realities" was an excellent article as far as it went, the A.Sc.W. Memorandum shows that discussion of the housing problem as if it were the same in every part of the United Kingdom leads to false policies that can only perpetuate startling disparities in housing conditions.

Since the war new permanent houses have been allocated to each Local Housing Authority roughly in proportion to its size of population. In Scotland, the Scottish Special Housing Authority has built houses for special needs in addition to Local Authority allocations, but this has increased Scotland's share of new houses by only 12 per cent over her share by population. Such an increase goes no way at all to meet the very much greater needs in Scotland. The Sample Census shows that the shortage of accommodation in Scotland is worse, not only than the English average, but worse than the worst English region.

Your correspondent quoted 0.76 as the average number of persons per room. In Scotland the figure is 1.04. Compare Glasgow with Birmingham; their populations are equal but Birmingham has 500,000—70 per cent—more rooms than Glasgow. It is true that since the war 20 per cent more houses have been built in Glasgow than in Birmingham, but this has meant only an additional 13,000 rooms. At this rate it would take Glasgow more than 200 years to catch up on Birmingham—and that estimate disregards replacements for unfit houses, of which Glasgow has far more than Birmingham.

Similar comparisons, which are not much less startling, can be made between all the Scottish cities and their nearest English equivalents by size and character. The Sample Census shows that almost all the English boroughs have fewer than 0.9 persons per room, and all have fewer than 1.0; in Scotland almost all the large burghs have more than 1.0 and none has less than 0.9.

Your correspondent stated that one and a half million people are living at more than two per room, but he did not mention that almost half of these (46 per cent) are in Scotland. One in seven of Scotland's population lives at more than two per room, but in England the proportion is no more than one in fifty. In Glasgow and the surrounding urban area the proportion is one in four.

It may be true that an increase of the annual rate of building to 400,000 houses would be adequate for English needs. But such an increase would be quite inadequate for Scotland unless a method of allocation to Local Authorities based on needs were also adopted. The A.Sc.W. Memorandum estimates that, if Scotland is to reach the English 1951 standard of housing in no more than ten years, the rate of building in Scotland must be trebled. It is clear that the Scottish problem will never be solved within the framework of legislation designed only for the average United Kingdom conditions.

Whilst it may be hoped, as your correspondent suggests, that the Labour Party will draft a new policy on Housing, the A.Sc.W. Scottish Area Committee believes that all parties must be made to recognise Scotland's unanswerable case for a more generous share of United Kingdom housing investment.

BRIAN K. PARNELL,
Scottish Area Committee. *Chairman*
The Association of Scientific Workers.

## CATHOLIC TOLERATION

SIR,—In your issue of March 7 your correspondent Michael de la Bedoyere is unfortunate in selecting the Republic of Ireland for the purpose of demonstrating that tolerance for minorities is to be had abundantly in communities dominated by a Roman Catholic majority. While Protestant worship is not interfered with in Eire and Protestants can indeed thrive in certain professions, there is in that country a steady self-conscious effort to squeeze the Protestant out. In 1911, when the Republic formed part of the mainly Protestant United Kingdom, its twenty-six counties contained 249,535 Anglicans and 45,486 Presbyterians. Then the Roman Catholic majority got complete control, and by 1926 the numbers of these two Protestant bodies had been squeezed down to 164,215 and 32,429 respectively. By 1937 continued "Catholic action" had got them down to 145,030 and 28,067. The last census showed that the process was still being successfully carried forward. The fact that it is usually done very politely, with kid gloves and smiling Irish eyes, does not conceal the basic character of the process. Just occasionally an imprudent bishop has also given the show away by a public denunciation of those who give employment to Protestants.

The statement of your correspondent that "the small Protestant minority in Eire enjoys exactly the same freedom as the dominant Catholics" has some absurdity to those who know how narrowly the freedom of those "dominant Catholics" is restricted by their own church and clergy. Occasional incidents such as the banning of the mother and child welfare scheme by the bishops have revealed to outside observers that the prevailing ideas of freedom in the Republic are not those of most Protestants.

Belfast. HUGH SHEARMAN

## "IMPERIALISM IN OUR TIME"

SIR,—It occurs to me, on reading a good deal of recent comment in your journal on the attitude of European settlers in the Rhodesias and Central Africa, that there is an aspect of the case which seems to have escaped notice. The picture which emerges of a land wrested by imperialistic, scheming tyrants from its peaceful and once happy rightful owners is scarcely an accurate one. Speaking as one who has

spent seventeen years in Southern Rhodesia, I am not suggesting that the settlers are any more altruistic, in general, than the rest of mankind, but I should think there can be no doubt that under their domination the natives have enjoyed at least a more peaceful and stable regime than they ever had before.

Let me recall briefly the history of the Bantu tribes, which form the majority of the non-European population of Central and South Africa. They were themselves comparatively recent invaders of the country in which they settled, having killed or driven out its more primitive occupants. Having taken possession of the land, they were themselves the prey of Arab traders from the North and at the same time wracked continually by tribal wars. Your article of February 14 mentions particularly the Mashona and the Matabele tribes of Southern Rhodesia. The latter tribe were invaders from the South who, under one of the cruellest and bloodiest kings in recent history, brought destruction and terror to the less warlike Mashona. Such was the position when Rhodes took possession of the country.

It may well be that the old British policy in Africa is dead. Certainly recent events have shown that it needs to be carefully and imaginatively revised. But there is surely no point in giving the impression that all the Natives' troubles are due to their exploitation by wicked European settlers. If the settlers brought discrimination they also brought, for the first time, peace, law and order and—yes, even this—in most areas a gradually rising standard of living.

Beziktaz, Istanbul. JILLIAN ATABAY

SIR,—In your footnote to my letter appearing in your issue of February 28, you ask whether I can offer any reason "why the long-standing settlers' agitation for expropriation" (of the British South Africa Company's mineral rights) "should have been dropped in 1949, and not since revived." I should have thought that the reason was already obvious from the facts given in my first letter. The "agitation" for expropriation ended, as might have been expected, when the matter was settled in 1949 as a result of negotiations between the British South Africa Company and the Northern Rhodesia Government—negotiations to which the then Secretary of State for the Colonies was a party. The agreement reached, details of which were stated in my letter, was presumably satisfactory to the parties concerned, those parties being exclusively the B.S.A. Company and the Northern Rhodesia Government, including the unofficial members of the Legislative Council. That being so, why should "agitation" be revived? I do not follow the further implications, if any, of your question.

R. L. PRAIN,
Mufulira Copper Mines, Ltd. *Chairman*
Roan Antelope Copper Mines, Ltd.

## A RETURN TO REALISM?

SIR,—May I answer Mr. Heron's assertion that the emerging realist movement in European, or (as one can now see at the Tate) Mexican painting, is a figment of my imagination. As so often, the argument is partly a question of language.

Mr. Heron interprets the meaning of realism extremely narrowly, I very broadly. But since he refers to my claims for the movement, I think he ought to allow me my own definition.

I did after all fill a gallery with 120 British examples of what I meant by it, and I have repeatedly pointed out

(i) That, in general, realism depends upon an attitude of mind—upon the nature of the conclusions drawn about the subject—*not* upon a style of drawing.

(ii) That realism is not necessarily incompatible with certain expressionist or even formalist tendencies. Putting a black outline round a figure need no more prevent an artist being a realist than merely copying the tones of men in cloth caps on street corners will make him one.

(iii) That realism differs fundamentally from naturalism (which I suspect is what Mr. Heron means by realism), and

(iv) That as yet the realist movement in this country is one of great potentiality rather than achievement.

But apart from the question of language there is the question of one's fundamental attitude to works of art. If you only interpret art in terms of art (or purely visual experience), then the stylistic differences between, for example, Léger and Guttuso will blind you to their identity of aim. If, on the other hand, you try to interpret art in relation to life as a whole, it becomes obvious that both these painters belong to the significant number of European artists who are struggling, in face of the obscurity and nihilism of so much contemporary work, to produce a rational, constructive art which can comment upon, and express fairly objectively and with a sense of human purpose, the development of the life they witness around them.

JOHN BERGER

SIR,—Mr. Heron finds, understandably enough, that realism in painting, whether of the young contemporaries or elsewhere, is a rare occurrence today. But if, as he maintains, a return to realism is a fiction in the mind of his colleague Mr. Berger, it is certainly more than that in the minds of a number of young painters. Its rarity perhaps may be understood by its very difficulty to achieve, a difficulty probably comparable to that of abstraction at its inception, before its great achievements paled into the chic and exhausted thing it so often is today. Whether or not realism may flourish, time, rather than Mr. Heron or myself, can tell; but the time appears ripe (as it has been in literature) for the reaffirmation of the man made all but invisible by those attributes of style which have hung about him for the last fifty years, and for the sake of which "the image of man" has become more and more the stand-in or starting-off point for something else.

That Mr. Heron should say that the "study of the nature of appearance" is "the job of the student," and that "art schools are the place for it," almost as if the student thereafter leaves such study for a Higher Art, astonishes me, coming as it does from one who had presumably, only a week before, received the full impact of Turner's most mature and accurate studies of the nature of appearance.

JOHN EYLES

## THE RADICAL RAT

SIR,—I do not know whether Mr. A. J. P. Taylor had my book *Irish Nationalism and British Democracy* in mind, when he wrote about Joseph Chamberlain's break with Liberalism: "Ingenious Marxists have attempted to discover Chamberlain's motive in fear of an Irish tariff. There is no evidence of this in his own account." I should prefer not to speculate on psychological motives, and least of all on Chamberlain's "fear," but I certainly believe that the anti-British protectionist edge given by Parnell to the Irish Home Rule movement played a big part in the events which led to the split in the Liberal Party. In any case, the absence of this factor in Chamberlain's own account is irrelevant for the issue: does Mr. Taylor as an historian work on the assumption that every politician is the best authority on the true motive forces behind his actions? Incidentally, though I happen to share Mr. Taylor's views about the dangers of a party split as far as the Labour movement is concerned, Chamberlain's following career seems to be an unfortunate illustration for this particular lesson. By splitting the Liberal Party—or by allowing Gladstone to drive him out of it—Chamberlain achieved almost everything he wanted: he "killed the Bill" and the policy behind it and he got a better chance of carrying out his own policy (which was neither radical nor even Radical), than he could have had by remaining within the Liberal Party. It is true, he missed the crown of his personal ambition, the Premiership, but he managed to found a political dynasty of undoubted influence, if doubtful stature.

Teddington. E. STRAUSS

## VIRGINIA WOOLF

SIR,—I am at work on a biography of Virginia Woolf and should be very grateful to any of your readers who have letters or documents that would be of assistance, or personal reminiscences they would care to communicate. All documents would be carefully treated and promptly returned.

15 West 8th Street, AILEEN PIPPETT
New York 11, N.Y., U.S.A.


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METHUEN

# Spring Books Supplement

## THE OLD BLACK COW

*Pawb yn llosgwrn ei henfon*, "every man to the tail of his cow," as the Welsh say, and the cow whose tail Professor Gwyn Williams* follows is the old black bardic Llywiadwr which gives whey instead of milk: not shining white Olwen, "she of the white track," known in Ireland as the Glas Gabnach. This Olwen was a moon-cow and once yielded creamy milk in such rivers that it formed the Milky Way.

I was introduced to Welsh poetry nearly fifty years ago, when my father became an enthusiastic pan-Celt; and, this noun being new to Merioneth where we lived, he had a famous argument with Mr. Postoffice-Griffiths as to whether it would count as one word in a telegram, or cost a half-penny more as two words. Mr. Postoffice-Griffiths finally conceded the point: "Very well, sir, one half-penny it shall be: on the analogy of a pancake, I shouldn't wonder." To our house came numerous Welsh bards, including Ceiriog ("the Welsh Wordsworth") whose non-bardic name I forget, and who was a stationmaster on the Cambrian Railway; also gentle Canon Owen Edwards, whose bardic name I forget; and the formidable, booming Arch-Druid Dyfed himself. It amused Canon Edwards to teach me the ninety-odd rules for writing the bardic *englyn*, which is to the Welsh what the *tanka* is to the Japanese; and in 1906 my father took me to the Carnarvon Eisteddfod where I watched his friends (dressed up in antique druidic robes, with Sunday-go-to-meeting boots and trouser-legs showing underneath, and bowler hats on their heads against the soft summer rain) assemble for the mock-antique opening ceremony.

But by then I was reading the *Mabinogion*, in Lady Charlotte Guest's translation; and an inspired fishmonger from Criccieth had brought its wonders to life. He took me up into the hills and pointed out the enormous panorama of Merioneth and Carnarvon stretched before us, by what road a King of Dyfed once pursued the wizard Gwydion in an attempt to recover his pigs; and where the refugees fled from the drowned *cantrevs* of Gwynedd in the days of Prince Seithenyn; and, turning about, showed me the distant knoll of Mur-y-Castell, the scene of Llew Llaw's murder by the treacherous Flower-goddess Blodeuwedd. So Welsh poetry for me now meant the *Mabinogion*, not the Eisteddfod contest for the Chair; though, as I knew from Canon Edwards, *eisteddfod* contests were of very ancient origin, and *englynion* in a primitive form dated back to the Battle of Catraeth—fought as long ago as 565 B.C., and celebrated by Aneirin in his *Gododdin*, a Cymric poem not unlike the *Chanson de Roland*.

It is not generally known that the Cymry were once as much foreigners in Wales as the hated Saxons who followed them. Soon after the Romans decamped, an army of adventurers from Kirkcudbright and Wigtown invaded North Wales under King Cunedda and, linking up with their Brythonic kinsmen of mid-Wales, imposed a barbarous aristocracy on the Goidelic and pre-Celtic peoples who then occupied the country. The Goidels were Aryans, like the Cymry, but being in numerical inferiority to the pre-Celtic tribes had been converted to their matriarchal culture and accepted institutions which the battle-scarred Cymry rejected with scorn. Presently the Cymric kings, still behaving as foreigners, became Christianised, and the master-poets of the old religion—tellers of the earliest *Mabinogion* tales—were driven from their seats of learning, replaced by ecclesiastical bards of inferior learning and powers, and forced to become wandering minstrels, or *kerddorion*.

Professor Williams is referring to the effects of this literary revolution when he writes:

> In Wales, to say that a man is a poet immediately induces an attitude of respect for him...

and goes on to explain:

> Most of the poetry of the present century has been written by Nonconformist ministers and University professors.

This respectability he traces to Hywel the Good, a tenth-century King of North Wales who claimed descent from Cynedda, and those laws regulated Welsh society before the coming of the Normans:

> Poets ranked high in the civil service of the Welsh kings. According to the laws of Hywel Dda, a poet became a *penkerdd*, or chief poet, when he won a chair, that is a seat in the immediate entourage of the king or prince. In the hall he then sat next but one to the *edling*, or heir to the throne, the priest sitting between them.

But on reaching down a dusty copy of *Cyvreithiau Hywel Dda*—"how *do* you manage for books in Majorca, Mr. Graves?"—from my legal shelf, I find that Professor Williams has not been quite accurate. Hywel Dda himself seems to have had little respect for poetry, since in the earliest version of the *Cyvreithiau* (Peniardd MS. 28) the *penkerdd* is not mentioned as having any place at court, and a version called the Demetian Code denies his right to one. Moreover, in the later Venedotian Code, the seat allotted him carries less honour than those of such minor functionaries as chaplain, steward, chief falconer, chief groom and page of the chamber; his worth is six score and six kine—not above that of the porter and the queen's candle-bearer.

In Ireland, where Christianity was not forcibly imposed on the Courts and the master-poet, who was required to attend a twelve-year university course of incredible stiffness, exercised corresponding power, the Welsh bard would have been derided as an unqualified practitioner—and, indeed, that is the meaning of "bard" in Irish. He had served only a short apprenticeship and, as the Anomalous Laws suggest (Book iv, 2, p. 397) been appointed directly by the king—for his morals rather than his poetic qualities. He held his chair on the understanding that he praised God Almighty and his lord at set times, in set metres, in set diction, and that he avoided all "untruth"—meaning any exercise of the imagination that would puzzle the Chief of the Household's mead-sodden brain or bring a frown to the mutton-gorged chaplain's brow. Poetry was defined for him as: "grammatically accurate expressions, clothed in exalted diction, beautified with becoming and approved epithets, signifying praise of good, dispraise of evil." He might also, as a dispensation, write poems proper to the *teulwr*, or poet of the second category (namely gnomic stanzas, upright and stereotyped amatory verse, and rhymed lives of the saints), but nothing else. He never ceased to be under the strict moral control of the Chaplain and Chief of the Household, and could be fined or imprisoned for satire, parody or mimicry; for speaking disrespectfully of religion; for dicing in taverns; for quarrelsomeness; or for suggesting that any woman in Wales would ever, under any circumstances, behave with impropriety. His use of mythology was restricted to the "Triads of Wales," a dry *memoria technica*, already meaningless, of the ancient pre-Cymric tales which had been banned by the Church as "untruths." Thus a *penkerdd* might praise his prince as having "the might of Aergwl, the disposition of Alexander, the strength of Alun, the energy of Beli, the sword-stroke of Peredur, and the courtesy of Medrod"—without in the least knowing who these personages were. The Irish master-poet, on the other hand, was required to know three hundred and fifty ancient tales, each of them a night's entertainment, and could recite any one of them correctly at a moment's notice.

Professor Williams, while dwelling proudly on the official bards of Wales, has no word of praise for the *kerddorion*, the descendants of the dispossessed pre-Cymric master-poets, from whom royal favour continued to be withheld—and who managed to preserve a few of the old tales, despite all efforts to suppress them; yet one *kerddor*, Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Bledhericus," or Bleiddriw, introduced the tales to the Norman-French *troveres*, thus setting a fashion of Arthurian romance throughout Western Europe. And it was these same outcasts—rather than, as Professor Williams would like to think, the *teulwr*—whose obstinate adherence to their ancient poetic principles brought about the fourteenth-century renascence in Welsh poetry. When Professor Williams briefly mentions the *Preiddeu Annwfn*, "The Spoils of Tartarus," because of a reference to King Arthur's harrowing of Hell, he allows his readers to suppose that it is official verse, rather than a poem of "untruth"—a biting satire by a *kerddor*, who called himself Gwion Bach of Llanfihangel, on the ignorance, cowardice and boastfulness of the official bards.

This would pass as old-fashioned conservative obscurantism, were it not for the praise which

* *An Introduction to Welsh Poetry from the Beginnings to the Sixteenth Century*. By GWYN WILLIAMS. *Faber*. 25s.

Professor Williams inconsistently showers on the fourteenth-century Dafudd ap Gwilym who, being a real poet, behaved exactly as a *penkerdd* should not. Like his gifted friends Gruffudd ap Ada and Madog Benfras, Dafudd used non-Classical metres, versified tales of untruth, diced, whored, blasphemed:

> For God's sake, no more bread and water,
> Throw aside Lenten watercress,
> For Mary's sake, cease your thin prayers,
> The Romish monks' religion:
> Be not a nun in Springtime,
> The grove is better than a nunnery . . .
> Come to the spreading birch
> The cuckoo's woodland church,
> Where none will mock at us
> For seeking Heaven in a green grove;
> Keep Ovid's book in mind
> And pray, not too much faith!

and when he should have roused the Welsh to perish magnificently in a rebellion against the English oppressors, was exchanging *englynion* with charming but disreputable Gwerfil Mechain—who had written:

> I am the hostess of the irreproachable
> Ferry Tavern,
> A white-gowned moon welcoming
> Any man who comes to me with silver—

about his and her private anatomy. Dafudd often refers to himself as a wandering minstrel; but since he came of a noble family, and towards the end of his life humorously reverted to the twenty-four Classical metres—the Job's pot-sherd with which Welsh bards still scrape themselves—used by his more respectable contemporaries, his moral shortcomings are here ascribed to the breakdown of Welsh social life after the conquest of Wales by the English. "When a nation is defeated," Professor Williams observes charitably, "there are sensitive spirits for whom politics and religion cease to be serious concerns."

Besides, Dafudd is long dead, poetry in dangerously free metres has come and gone, respectability is respectable again:

> The competition for the Chair at this year's Eisteddfod requires a poem of not more than three hundred lines in full *cynghanedd* [a form of balanced cross-alliteration] employing any number of Davydd ap Edmwnd's measures [Davydd ap Edmwnd was the bard who, in 1451, 'tightened up *cynghanedd* to a pitch of craziness'], including at least one *awdl* measure; and the winner may well be a shepherd, a postman, a preacher, or a journalist.

As Gwion Bach, who had taken the trouble to give himself a proper poetic education in Ireland, remarked on a similar occasion about eight hundred years ago:

> *Ni obrynaf lawyr llen llywiadur*—

meaning: "I have a poor opinion of official Welsh literature."

ROBERT GRAVES

## THE CONSECRATED LIE

**Britain at Arms.** A Scrapbook. By THOMAS GILBY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is quite untrue that the English dislike heroics. Our literature, fictional and biographical, is full of it. What we will not tolerate (or so we believe) are false heroics—swagger, boastfulness and jingoism. But even that is not quite true. Brigadier Gerard was not an Englishman, but we would have liked him to be. Boastfulness is accepted when it halves, or doubles, the truth. As for jingoism, the English are as much elated by glory as any nation in the world. The difference is that they are not appalled by defeat. "We are told," said Dr. Johnson,

> that on the arrival of the news of the unfortunate battle of Fontenoy, every heart beat, and every eye was in tears. Now we know that no man ate his dinner the worse, but there *should* have been all this concern; and to say there was, may be reckoned a consecrated lie.

Admirable phrase! *Britain at Arms*, an excellent anthology of sayings and writings by and about soldiers, sailors and airmen from Queen Anne to the present day, is full of consecrated lies. I could not find a single extract, among many hundreds, which describes cowardice or ungovernable fear. In Masefield's account of the convoys leaving Mudros for Gallipoli occurs the phrase, "All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used." I very much doubt whether that was all they felt. To express such a sentiment at the time would have been laughable. Why should it be accepted in retrospect? Conversely, many of the great phrases of our martial history must have shocked or disconcerted those to whom they were first uttered. Wellington's remark before Waterloo, "Plans? I have no plans except to give that fellow a damn good licking," moves us to affection and pride, but can have caused Lord Uxbridge nothing but alarm. When my own Commanding Officer, at a critical moment in Tunisia, called for his suede shoes "because I want to die more comfortably," I was only conscious of a greater fear than possessed me already, yet it was undeniably a phrase in the grand tradition. The humour of the English red-coat square was probably as tediously bawdy as the humour of the trenches, but the legend persists that in every British soldier, as in every London bus-conductor, was a sparkling vein of wit. Consecrated lies!

None the less, there are certain characteristics that run throughout the 350 years covered by this volume. In first place I would put what a Brunswicker, after the Seven Years War, described as "the quiet natural arrogance" of the British soldier, which comes from his habit of assuming that victory will emerge from somewhere, somehow, at some time. This has made him confident and lazy. He defends better than he attacks. He cares more for his comfort than his safety. He rallies quickly after defeat, and does not bother to pursue after victory. He does not need to pardon his enemies, because he has never hated them. He always assumes that he is in the right, though, like Lady Macmahon, he may sometimes regret that "the Almighty has shown Himself disappointingly neutral." Though he does not understand the people whom he has conquered, he expects them, and particularly their children, to like him. ("The most engaging little devils I ever saw," is Private Wheeler's only contribution to this book.)

The second strain, on which Mr. Gilby writes entertainingly in his Introduction, is our amateurishness. Only amateurs, he points out, would remember Corunna and Dunkirk, while the Bidassoa and the Rhine are forgotten. Only amateurs could take a fancy for enemy generals like Saxe, Soult or Rommel; steal *Lili Marlene* for lack of an appropriate battle-hymn of their own; or shoot Byng, while they idolise eccentrics like Peterborough and Sidney Smith. All this is true, maddening and endearing.

Thirdly, we really hate war, not so much because war is wicked, as because it forms an unpleasant interruption to our lives. The most spontaneously English reaction of all those quoted is also one of the best known: "My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?"; in the same manner is the remark of a member of the M.C.C. on seeing Grace's bust removed from Lord's in August 1939: "That means war." Here, perhaps, we are on the penumbra of the consecrated lie. There is more eager excitement among the young on the approach of war than they or we would care to admit. Otherwise we should never get started. The other qualities usually suffice to see us through.

NIGEL NICOLSON

## FORWARD FROM DESPAIR

**In Spite of Blasphemy.** By MICHEL MOURRE. Trans. A. W. FIELDING. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In that wide-flung scheme for the rehabilitation of France, Simone Weil's *L'Enracinement*, occurs a passage that might have served as motto for this interesting autobiography. "The current of totalitarianism," she wrote, "finds no obstacle save in a genuine spiritual life. If you accustom your children to ignore God, they will become Fascists or Communists from a need to give themselves to something."

The author of *In Spite of Blasphemy* is the only child of free-thinking middle-class parents whose estrangement from one another seems to have dated from long before his tardy birth, in 1928. M. Mourre' description of his family on both sides is sardonic in the extreme: the father's selfish opportunism, which enabled him, at the Fall of France, to turn straight from his hitherto professed Socialism to enthusiastic support of Vichy; the grandmother's sentimental Royalism, based on imaginary aristocratic connections. In this bitter account of an unhappy childhood only the figure of the author's mother, and her painful death, are observed with any tenderness; but the detached tone enlists the reader's sympathy, where the note of self-pity might have alienated him.

It is a commonplace that those who have been deprived of affection and security in childhood tend to become idealists of one kind or another, and M. Mourre is no exception. Deserted by his father and stranded in Paris under the German occupation, with no one to turn to save an ageing and poverty-stricken grandmother, he had only to see a basket and in went all the eggs. The first basket—a particularly rotten one—was labelled "Jacques Doriot." This soon crashed, to be followed by something less completely spurious but in the end no more capable than Doriot of supplying the young man with an intellectually stable framework: the Catholic Nationalism of Charles Maurras. This episode is summed up by M. Mourre in a neat epigram: "We did not know how to live, and so for life we substituted action."

At this point, and partly through the one contemporary with whom he was intimate, a stocky and not unattractive character referred to as Jacques, the author became aware of the claims of the Christian religion, with which he had hitherto had nothing whatever to do. "Was it strange," he asks, "to approach the Church by way of nationalism? It was the only way open to me, and I thought it quite natural." Later in the book he remarks casually that "ritual had originally been the Church's main attraction for me." The two methods of approach are not mutually exclusive, but neither of them leads anywhere. The beauty of the Catholic Church, as Mr. Graham Greene has pointed out in a striking phrase, is "as incidental as the closeness of turf." It exists, and may be enjoyed; but it is strictly beside the point. Not surprisingly, therefore, M. Mourre, like many other converts, was disappointed to find that his reception into the Church was not followed by an immediate visitation of sensible Grace. With a view, it seems, to forcing God's hand, he knocked on the door of the Dominican Priory in the Rue St. Honoré and demanded admittance as a novice; then, on seeing a pretty girl in the street, panicked and wrote to the Novice Master saying that he had abandoned his plan. The Dominican wisely replied that there was plenty of time . . .

First-rate things require a sacrifice, whereas the second-rate can be had for nothing. The most poignant feature of this story is the lack of self-confidence which so long prevented the young author from distinguishing the shadow from the substance. Unwilling to face the possibility of failure in monastic life, he found it easier to accept its secular equivalent—the Army; but three years in the Forces occupying the Rhineland were more than enough to produce disillusionment and to revive old longings. On receiving his discharge,

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for reasons of health, M. Mourre returned to the attack, accepted God's challenge, and entered the Dominican monastery at St. Maximin. But this was only another of his mistakes, for (as he soon discovered) it was not God whom he had found, but only one more of the many surrogates it is so much easier to find. As " Father P." told him, a monk's vocation consists in a surrender through love : a mere *resolution* to obey the rule of the Order, etc., etc., is worse than useless, because it can only end in discouragement, bitterness, and renunciation. Which is exactly what happened to M. Mourre. " I turned on God in anger. I was not deserting Him, it was He who was deserting me, and for no reason at all as far as I could see." The complaint is as old as the world ; and if this had been the end of the story it would have had little significance. But the appeal of the author's character lies in the strength of his feelings : even at his silliest—and for a Frenchman he often appears silly—one cannot help sympathising with him in his distress. The dice were loaded against him from the start, but he had the courage to go on playing, and, when he felt he had finally lost, to commit an act of crazy defiance. It must have needed unusual courage to mount the pulpit of Notre Dame, attired in his Dominican habit, in the middle of High Mass on Easter Sunday, and to shout out : " God is dead ! "

It was not, however, God who was dead, but His substitute who had taken so many forms in the life of this tormented young man. He had been led on from one error to a greater, until the greatest of all set him free at last. The blasphemy (he makes it clear) was the effective end of his resistance to the workings of Grace. " Undoubtedly," he concludes, " nothing can be achieved outside God. God remains at the source of life and for our redemption."

The translation reads well (I have not seen the original), but there are some curious mistakes. The famous anti-clerical President of the Council, Emile Combes, is referred to as " *le père Combes,*" and this is translated " Father " Combes, which suggests that he was a priest ! On page 14 " my mother's father " must be a mistake for " brother," for the sense demands it. On two occasions the translator writes " Holy Orders " where " monastic orders " is clearly meant, and on page 66 God is referred to as " the Holy Father," a title exclusively applied to the Pope.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

## FOUNDING FATHERS

**Socialist Thought: the Forerunners (1789-1850).** By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 25s.

Some of the best and most generous pages in the first volume of Professor Cole's History of Socialist Thought are devoted to Paine and Godwin, Sismondi, Lamennais and Mazzini. None of these men was a Socialist, but all of them influenced Socialist thought. Thinking is a social process ; even the hermit reacts in solitude against the world he has renounced. This commonplace is doubly true of the forerunners of Socialism. They were engaged in a debate with the feudal reactionaries and the classical economists of their day, which sometimes landed them in prison. Even more instructive was the dialogue they carried on with their intellectual comrades and their neighbours of the Left.

This book is distinguished from earlier attempts to trace the development of Socialist thought by its scholarly accuracy, its wide international range and its encyclopædic completeness. Better still, it helps us to grasp the work of the rival schools as a continuous intellectual effort. No one could fail to realise that Fourier and his disciples, with their liking for horticulture and craftsmanship, their cult of fellowship and their ideal of the small self-governing community, were reacting against the megalomania and the centralised planning of the Saint Simonians, whose Socialism reflected the ambitions of the cosmopolitan engineers and financiers of their day. It is equally obvious that Louis Blanc, with his faith in persuasion and democracy, was reacting against Blanqui's reckless resort to conspiracy and his reliance on the revolutionary *élite.*

But in much subtler matters than these, this book helps us to follow, from Babeuf's conspiracy to the *Communist Manifesto,* the discussions, not yet concluded in our own day, between the school which based its Socialism on ethics, and the class-warriors. Decade by decade the debate goes on between those who would proportion rewards to effort and those who would give " to each according to his needs." While most of the pioneers were for sex equality, we grow familiar with the sturdy obstinacy of Proudhon, at heart a peasant, who stood for the old-world family with its autocratic father. Professor Cole traces from Saint Simon through Sismondi and Pecqueur to Marx, a series of attempts to interpret history, which reveal a thread of continuity in spite of noisy differences. His picture gains immensely in depth as he introduces into his colour-scheme the Anarchism of Godwin, the Christianity of Lamennais and the Nationalism of Mazzini.

The author warns us that his book is a history not of Socialist movements but of Socialist thought. Fortunately, he does not stick closely to this hampering limitation. No one ever did any Socialist thinking in a vacuum. Always, even when he turned his back upon them, the barricades were in the mind of the Socialist writer. Until the Seventies of the last century, the effective choice lay between revolution and some form of voluntary, co-operative association. To dream of getting, even a Welfare State by peaceful, political means was wildly utopian. The thinking of these pioneers sprang largely from their own experience. It would have been impossible to give any notion of Robert Owen's theories without some account of his mill at New Lanark and of the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union. French Socialist thinking, which is inevitably the main theme of this book, revolved round three Revolutions. Perhaps because this was untrodden ground for him, the freshest and most sympathetic chapters in Cole's book deal with the French forerunners. His portraits of the major figures are drawn in the round, but among the minor personalities he has his human preferences. Of Flora Tristan, the only woman among these thinkers, a daring and romantic character with whom every young man fell in love, he gives us a full and vivid biography and quotes verbatim her original but unworkable proposals. But of Constantin Pecqueur, a much more important writer, he gives us only the dates of birth and death and his summarised opinions. If space was limited, the book might have gained by the omission of some of these 52 thinkers—unless, indeed, it was piety and gratitude which prompted Cole, in the spirit of Old Mortality, to restore the tombstones of all the Socialist pioneers.

With the exception of Owen, none of the Englishmen approached the French thinkers in stature. But Hodgskin and Thompson had the rare courage to challenge the classical economists at a time when their reasoning was held to be as infallible as Euclid's. One might have welcomed a fuller account of them, but Cole was understandably reluctant to do once again what Max Beer did well. Until we come to Marx and Engels, only Fichte among the Germans is in the first rank. Cole has done a service to honesty by acquitting him of the charge of totalitarian tendencies and State-worship. He was a nationalist only in the sense that he roused his countrymen against the humiliations of Napoleon's conquest. If space had permitted some account of his plans for the conduct of foreign trade by the State, his significance for the technique of Socialist planning would have been clearer.

In the later chapters of this volume Cole reaches what must be the main theme of his series, the development of Marxism through incessant controversy. No Saint Simonians or Owenites survive today, but Marxists are reckoned in millions. Only in these last pages does he drop

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The new, or revived, branch of aesthetics which is the subject of these publications has, or should have, a singularly wide appeal. One may avoid literature, music or painting. One cannot avoid town design, or rather perhaps one has to submit to its absence each time one walks along the pavement to the bus stop. This is, moreover, a comprehensive subject which includes the landscape of the region, the architecture of the buildings, the space between the buildings (a very important aesthetic component in the total experience) and the lamp-posts, pavings, posters and trees which are, as Mr. Gibberd puts it, among the raw materials of town design.

The aim of these books is, on the one hand, to raise the standards of design; on the other, to make the town-dweller more sensitive to the aesthetic nuances of the space in which he moves and lives—"to open up new fields of visual experience." As in the case of the other civilised arts, the language of the medium has to be learnt, its problems at least partially understood, before one can be aware of its intimations and share in its pleasures. If the public at large, and the local authorities whom they elect, can be made more conscious of town design, it will help a good deal towards a general rectification of the inappropriate.

The art of town design has now developed beyond theory to practice, which means that it has had to face problems of administration and finance, sociology and economics, as well as those of civil engineering, tree planting, geology and climate. But "the technical solutions to the functional problems must be fused with aesthetic feeling." This clear statement by Mr. Gibberd is the central theme both of his own beautifully designed book and of the briefer publication from the Stationery Office. The latter is blessed by the Minister of Housing and Local Government, Mr. Macmillan, who in his foreword makes the significant point that good design is not costly.

It does already seem as though architecture, and the wider field of town design, have recently achieved a vitality in Britain beyond the other arts. We have a remarkable number of good architects and, perhaps more important, they collectively set a standard which extends beyond their own work. They are finding, too, a happy balance between the international modern movement and the English domestic tradition which rejects the formal and the grandiose. Mr. Gibberd typifies this balance of sense and sensibility, not only in his writing but in his architectural practice, diversely illustrated in these books by such examples as the shopping centre at Lansbury, the steel works at Scunthorpe, and the over-all design for the New Town of Harlow. In his housing there and elsewhere he has shown how from simple and familiar elements aesthetic unities of lasting interest can be composed.

If it is part of civilised life that architecture should be enjoyed by all, and not only by architects, then these books deserve careful reading. There is nothing technically abstruse about them, but they include a wealth of rewarding detail. Expensive though the larger volume may be, it is much more than just a beautiful book with a great many illustrations. Indeed the photographs, plans and diagrams form, with the text, a functional whole and, skilfully assembled, provide a key to a world of perception which will be new to many and which lies waiting at their doorsteps. With its aid one may discover the "space bodies" which are as important as the buildings in the town centre; the "street pictures" which change as you walk or drive from point to point; the "splendid scale" and "savage grandeur" of large industrial plants, which must none the less be "quite separate from the town"; and the effect of a kerbstone, a fence, a telephone kiosk or the lettering on a shop front, "both as secondary elements in a broad picture, and as design problems in their own right; that so many of our urban scenes are squalid is because neither aspect has been considered."

CHARLES MADGE

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Detection badly needs fresh blood, not on its pages where, heaven knows, there is ever enough and to spare, but among its authors where talent has worn thin and hair has gone grey in loyal service. Such newcomers as put in a fitful appearance generally model themselves all too closely on their exhausted predecessors or, at best, give an extra tweak to some old formula. With Miss Bawden, however, we are well away from the beaten track: her first novel is highly readable, well composed, and takes its own individual line across country. Whether that country is detection-land proper her publishers seem none too sure, to judge by their nervous blurb, which in its anxiety to give nothing away makes a complete hash of the plot. But I can assure them that *Who Calls the Tune* contains more of the essentials of detection than most of the annals of the Crime Club. The scene of events is Shropshire where a country squire, his elegant one-legged wife, a sister-in-law and her little boy, a couple of Central European refugees, and the narrator, a friend of the family, are congregated. After drawing these characters true to life and endowing them with strong emotions Miss Bawden has then only to put the right screw on human nature to provide a motive for murder. Yet with all the art of the novelist she has the cunning of Mrs. Christie; and the identity of the murderer remains inscrutable to the last.

If *Who Calls the Tune* scores a hit for the young amateurs over the professionals, *Fatal Woman* makes a fine *riposte* for the old gang. There is a serene air of assurance about the latest Patrick Quentin such as rarely invests detective authors unless they have entire confidence in their plot. Peter Duluth, with whose past performances we are well acquainted, has settled down in New York as a theatrical producer: his wife Iris, also well known to fiction, has gone off temporarily to the West Indies. Thus the door is open for the fatal woman, a nondescript chit of a girl from Greenwich Village, to insinuate herself under Peter's nose, creep into his flat and rattle away there on her typewriter. And at that

point I must leave you. Subsequent events are dramatic and macabre, and deftly calculated to mislead the reader. Patrick Quentin has never planned a more satisfactory crime.

The three other detective items on the list are products of skilled workmanship rather than of inspiration. The Ruritanian atmosphere of *Farewell Crown and Goodbye King* affords Miss Bennett just the right setting for the comic interludes and whimsical touches without which no work of hers would be complete. But the presumedly serious question as to what the ex-King of Ardania is so busy hiding will not puzzle us for an instant. *Meet a Body* is the translation of a neat *roman policier*. Monsieur Gilles, the man from the *Sûreté*, is set to find out who knocked a rich Armenian on the head after midnight in the streets of Paris and stole his money. The investigation proceeds briskly on French lines, by probing into the private lives of all concerned, until the solution propounds itself. *Malheureusement*, M. Gilles too has a private life, with which the English reader would gladly dispense. *Deadly Night-Cap* exposes the limitations of the over-ingenious writer. At first sight it looks as if nobody could have slipped the strychnine among the unpopular lady's barbiturates, except herself. And then suspect after suspect enters, each beautifully groomed for the part; and the reader is diverted from detection into the random research of Blind Man's Buff. From a laudable desire to thwart our curiosity for as long as possible, Mr. Carmichael offers such a range of alternative solutions that in the end there may be no curiosity left to assuage.

Authors of crime novels have an advantage over their detective colleagues in that they do not have to bother about their readers' perspicacity. There is no mystery whatever in *Too Soon to Die*, except about the moral issues involved! An elderly landowner, who has made over his estate to his son to escape death duty, finds that he is doomed to die before the statutory five years have elapsed, and so decides to cheat the revenue by a complicated imposture. Henry Wade exposes the fraud by the slow, relentless methods of police inquiry, on which he is an expert, but his sympathies lie clearly with the fraudulent old gentleman. Apparently patriotism and love of the Welfare State are two very different things, when it comes to parting with property.

The four thrillers are all realistic, exciting and capably written. The writers in this department as one has come to expect, can hardly take their eyes off the Red peril. By impersonating *The Dying Ukrainian*, whom he found on his doorstep, the hero projects himself into the Russian spy network which permeates every class in England, so it seems. The picaresque trail of activity, the close-cropped prose, and, above all, the trick of switching the characters from good to bad and vice versa are strongly reminiscent of John Buchan. If you prefer to play Russia in an away match, *The House of Anna* is a tale of inspiring papers, which the Reds have traced to the British Zone in Berlin. Mr. Evans describes the inter-zonal friction of 1946 with a patriotic quest derived from personal experience. For a more leisurely contest with the Party, entailing less loss of life, you can turn to *Group Flashing Two*, in which a geologist on holiday in Caithness comes upon some funny business in a cave. (You'll be surprised at what the Communists were using it for!) Mr. David Howarth, author of *The Shetland Bus*, piles local colour, local idiom, and local weather conditions together with great effect. *The Noonday Devil* turns on the suspense. An American officer in a Japanese prison camp in the Philippines has been murdered through the treachery of a brother officer, and to avenge that death Mrs. Curtiss launches the dead man's brother on a vendetta to find and execute the traitor. Where is the villain hiding? Mrs. Curtiss knows as well as Mrs. Eberhart how to keep the quarry during a long chase just out of sight.

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## TRUE MANLINESS

**Thomas Hughes.** By EDWARD C. MACK and W. H. G. ARMYTAGE. *Benn.* 30*s.*

This is the first full-length biography of the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays.* Because of that novel Thomas Hughes stands in many people's minds as the very embodiment of the Public School ethos but he was, in fact, decidedly a "sport," for he was an early Socialist, a radical M.P. and a founder of the Co-operative Movement. The authors of this book have gathered all the facts about him and arranged them neatly and chronologically and their labours will be invaluable to a future biographer. Their own book is crammed with interesting things, but as a book it lacks that controlling viewpoint which would have enabled them to select and shape; they have given us a dossier, not a portrait.

Perhaps in any case Thomas Hughes does not merit a full-length book. He would fit admirably into one of four quarter-lengths, the size of *Eminent Victorians,* but written by someone more sympathetic to his absurd charm than Lytton Strachey could ever have been. And his biographer would have to reconcile several contradictions. Thus, it was no part of Hughes's intentions that his novel of school life should help to clamp the Public Schools into the mould of games-worship and good form. Yet that was undoubtedly the result it had. But the whole of Hughes's position was one large anomaly. The Public Schools have produced, and still do, a continuous trickle of Left-wing intellectuals, but radical athletes are a comparative rarity, and less easily explained; Tom Hughes was perhaps the first of them.

For all his admiration of Arnold, he was not a true Arnold protégé; he admired from a distance. A fine footballer and cricketer and a splendid boxer, with a taste for bad poetry and uncomplicated theology, he responded ardently and naively to notions of justice, fair play and simple goodness. He was the strong man with a highly developed protective feeling towards the weak. A major influence at Oxford was A. H. Clough, and it was Oriel which fostered Hughes's radical inclinations. Himself the son of a local squire of the best kind, he was repelled by the insolence of the aristocratic elements at the University and haunted by the thought of the sufferings of the poor in the harsh England of the Hungry Forties. When he went down, he joined F. R. Maurice and Charles Kingsley as an active member of the Christian Socialist Group. There he was valued not only as a reputed boxer—though in the conditions of that time this was an advantage at public meetings—but also as an organiser and a mediator. They were a collection of eccentrics, or at least men of difficult temperaments. It was Hughes, with his exceptional tolerance and devotion, who kept them together "as a team." He remained all his life something of a schoolboy in whom the faculty of hero-worship was strong. He was not only naively good himself but saw and responded to the good in others; he even saw it when it wasn't there, and this was to lead him into many difficulties; for his trusting brotherliness was often abused. Practically speaking his life could not be said to have been a success. What is remarkable about it is the buoyant optimism which enabled him to bob up hoping every time. He lost large sums of money in the Workers and Producers Associations which he helped to found; the trade unions which he had fostered declined to conduct the class war by the Queensberry Code: the day-to-day details of administering idealism descended into bickering, frustrations and disloyalty. But Tom Hughes always surmounted a temporary discouragement. There was always a new scheme to be launched, a new cause to be helped.

The American Civil War found him a passionate defender of the North, and a certain discouragement with his own countrymen, combined with the attraction of a new continent which offered such opportunities to Christian manliness, made him the earliest advocate of the unity of English-speaking nations. This, in the end, was to produce the least successful and, indeed, the least sensible of his dreams, the Tennessee community which he grandiloquently christened "Rugby." This was to be a farm community where products of the Public Schools who seemed no longer to be finding an adequate place in English life might live together, working on the land in an environment,

> where what we have been calling the English Public School spirit . . . shall be recognised and prevail . . . such a colony, by spreading Englishmen abroad, would accelerate a new feeling of loyalty to the old country . . . all around the world.

Whether the Public School spirit as he had dreamed it had never existed, or had merely changed, the scheme turned out a disaster. Bad land was sold to the community at a false price and the settlement attracted more ne'er-do-wells and remittance men than Tom Browns and Will Wimbles.

The colony was a failure and the founders lost their money: Tom Hughes's share in the loss was seven thousand pounds. He was discouraged but not defeated. He applied "for a place," and was appointed a county court judge, and this, with the writing of four biographies and active work for the Church Reform Union, filled out his last few years. If his idealism in later years lost a little of its edge, he never fundamentally wavered. Less than a year before he died he could still write:

> Nothing makes my last years so hopeful and cheery as seeing how many parsons are coming out fair and square for Christian Socialism. I have been sure for the last fifty years or thereabouts that in no other way can our country (or indeed any other) be saved, and by this way she may and will be.

This declaration of faith undaunted is a triumph of character—character, that mysterious quality on which the Public Schools were to build so heavily (at the expense of intellect). But notice how they cheated even there! It was not the generous-hearted radical Tom Hughes they held up to us as a pattern of character; it was the footballing son of the Squire, Tom Brown.

T. C. WORSLEY

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**French Legionnaire.** By ALFRED PERROTT-WHITE. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Under the Coolibah Tree.** By G. F. YOUNG. *Melrose.* 21*s.*

**A Surgeon's Heritage.** By JAMES HARPOLE. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

**Those Bentley Days.** By A. F. C. HILLSTEAD. *Faber.* 21*s.*

**Take It From Me.** By JIMMY EDWARDS. *Werner Laurie.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Tiger Lady.** By OLIVE SMYTHIES. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Autobiographer's or gate-crasher's joy. Whatever his right to be there, it hasn't been earned through literature. He (or she) has been someone or somewhere, done something, ventured somewhat: the class is democratic enough to include celebrities and cards, cook-generals as well as generals, and even the professional writers. None of the present company is a professional, unless Mr. James Harpole, a surgeon with several books to his credit. The best of them are Mr. Perrott-White, with his experiences in the Foreign Legion, and Mr. G. F. Young, agreeably concerned with the gold-rush days in Australia.

Both score, you will notice, in action: I doubt whether Mr. Perrott-White's memories of, say, the London Artists' Rifles, or Mr. Young on Cornish tin-mines, would be as compelling: though I'm not so sure about Mr. Young. I've a notion he could give a quiet, handy relish to anything. He is, in fact, though too modest by half, the one writer here. But I put our ex-legionnaire first. The headlines, the lure, the fictional realism are his. If these six books were spread on a bookseller's table, his would tempt first; and it, just, keeps its ascendancy.

Why Mr. Perrott-White joined the Foreign Legion remains, of course, his secret. He had stowed away at twelve, risen to be R.F.C. pilot in the first war, served in India as a calvalry trooper, meandered about the globe, driven a London bus, been unhappily married: he went in, he says, not speaking French, for adventure. This certainly came to him. After a few weeks he found himself "hardening up" in North Africa, a process that included humping stones with a sun temperature of 135°, sixty-mile route-marches, and a fanatical discipline. His account of this inaugaration is much the most detailed and interesting part of his book, worth the attention, by the way, of film-makers. He rebuts the legend of "lost men," but leaves toughness enhanced. His subsequent adventures included a three days' march in the Sahara, made more terrifying by sandstorms and Arabs; and the wars fought intermittently against Nazis, Arabs, and invading Americans. The latter operations seem as muddled in print as they were doubtless in fact. Mr. Perrott-White, now a full sergeant, comes through with flying colours, and a breastful of medals, which he has no hesitation in displaying. One may prefer his early austerities, but the book remains fresh, exciting, and curiously impossible to the end.

"My mother's father was a successful opium trader": so, irresistibly, begins *Under the Coolibah Tree,* and the old gentleman was, as a matter of fact, distinguished by his good sense and humanity. His grandson, stimulated by family misfortune, took early to a nomad life of labouring and prospecting. Delightful the zest with which physical labour is enjoyed and the vernacular of billy-cans, swag, humping bluey, blackfellows, and the like. Mr. Young debunks the gold rushes of the Seventies no less than does Mr. Perrott-White the Foreign Legion: the legend, now, was of bones whitening the trail. Nevertheless, prospecting doesn't seem to have been quite a picnic even for Mr. Young. He rode and slogged, he thirsted, he dug, he made and lost a

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small fortune, varied his jobs at sea and with cattle, took to marriage and mine management, lived to a ripe old age from which, happily and without fuss, he looks back. Wandering and work have made his good times. The chief surprise of his book is perhaps a prevalence of camels.

Mr. James Harpole is, one presumes, a well-known surgeon: he gives, not offensively, that impression. After a brief flicker of childhood, university, Harley Street, the first war, and the delusive peace, he settles down to memories and cases of the last war. Many of these have a not-too-harrowing excitement: the toxic goitre made harmless, cancer of the prostate resolved by stilbœstrol, tuberculosis and typhoid defeated, together with the human strains involved; and there's a fascinating series of observations on the effect of worry on the mucous membrane of the stomach. But to read Mr. Harpole, one would imagine that every difficult case comes through, that the surgeon's risk is always justified. Did he never lose a patient? Apparently not—or only one, an old general in his late eighties. Death itself, we gather, may be almost a pleasure. Mr. Harpole is self-described as an optimist, but in the end his method of creating confidence destroys it.

*Those Bentley Days* is a flash past of sports models, engineering, company promotion, and initials—"As a result of a trip to Paris, and the finding of a toy on Doriot's desk, W.O. brought about a revolution in the use of piston materials (Doriot was the 'D' of D.F.P.)." The photographs, thrilling as old fashion-plates, bear such titles as "T.T. race of 1929, Bernard Rubin underneath his car." Cars and people are delightfully confused; here "the old Bentley behaviour" reasserts itself vigorously, there with "H.R.H. satisfied" an important order may be forthcoming. Loose spokes, hill-climbs, Savoy dinners, fantastic vigils, and famous crashes hurtle us forward and one must bow to the author's pronouncement that cars are like horses. This isn't, by the way, despite its gay title, everyone's book. Those for whom a camshaft is a camshaft, nothing more, should be warned.

The reader of Mr. Jimmy Edwards has at least the advantage of a big, unreal moustache to cling to as he sets out on the switch-back of choir-practices, Cambridge, the Windmill Theatre, prangs, Bentley (another sort of Bentley), and T.I.F.H. Specialist stuff, but one can pick quite a bit from Mr. Edwards, who bursts upon us in full Rectorial robes at Buckingham Palace and eventually goes off chewing a straw and quoting Kipling.

*Tiger Lady* revives unbelievably that almost extinct species, the female game hunter. You will find her entire in Mrs. Smythies. Tigers, wounded ones especially, are her joy; and on one page she has to rebut the "garbled and ridiculous" story, circulated by a big-game hunter (male, titled), that she once thrust her rifle-barrel into a tiger's mouth, fired, and missed. At any rate, her prose doesn't miss: "Our favourite method of hunting was *ghooming* . . ." Of course!

G. W. STONIER

## HERE WE GO ROUND THE TUM-TUM TREE

**The White Knight.** A Study of C. L. Dodgson. By A. L. TAYLOR. *Oliver & Boyd.* 16*s.*

The author of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was not a man of distinguished intellect or extensive views. Run-of-the-mill mathematics, current theological controversy, university and college disputes, amateur photography, puzzles and coterie jokes, sentimental relationships with small girls: these things made up his world. But he wrote famous nonsense—or so one has always believed. Mr. Taylor, in an entertaining book, denies this. "It is impossible," he declares in his preface, "to write a sustained book of 'nonsense,' taking the word at its face-value."

There is clearly a sense in which this is true. The human mind is incapable of absolute nonsense. When Freud investigated his tendency to suppose certain frescoes at Orvieto the work not of Signorelli but of Botticelli or Boltraffio he found this nonsense (as he knew it to be) determined by a weird but demonstrable logic of the unconscious mind. But one can at least *try* to write nonsense, and the effort may be pleasurable for two reasons: it gives an illusion of freedom, and it permits trafficking without uneasiness in forbidden things. Dodgson himself must have had some notion of this. "Words," he wrote to a friend, "mean more than we mean to express when we use them; so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer means."

The tendency of the present study is to minimise this element of involuntary significance in Dodgson's writings. We know the Student of Christ Church to have been fond of expressing mathematical problems in terms of fantasy (What time is it at the centre of the earth?)—this was a deliberate amusement; and we must suppose deliberation when the same sort of thing turns up in *Alice* (Alice's muddling the multiplication table proves to be "a problem based on scales of notation"). Again, Dodgson laboured at such diversions as translating the manœuvres of High Church, Low Church and Broad Church into what might be called the language of mathematical paronomasia. Mr. Taylor is sure that the *Alice* books, elaborated upon a basis of genuine extemporisation, incorporate this habit; and that the small Liddells listened without knowing it to an abundant if disjointed commentary upon such current questions as their father dealt with from his majestic station in the Deanery and their story-telling friend himself chewed upon when he retired to his murkily commodious lodging on the other side of Tom Quad. Thus the White Queen is Reason and the Red Queen is Dogma, as these seemed to Dodgson to be operative in the Anglican Church at the time. And "the Tum-tum tree is certainly the Thirty-nine Articles."

Much of Mr. Taylor's contention must, I think, be accepted. But the more of it we do accept, the more surprised must we be that the books are not extremely boring. A don who can desert neither lecture-room nor common-room when in the presence of children to whom he is shyly and deeply attached, and who must dress up for their amusement the chatter of these places, sounds awful. It appears possible, however, that Mr. Taylor exaggerates the element of conscious allegory, and at the same time neglects other forces at play. The Tum-tum (like that other theological tree upon which grew the crude apple that diverted Eve) may be what psychologists would term a highly over-determined symbol. Dodgson may throughout have been canvassing—all unwittingly—matter of more perennial interest than the scandal of Professor Jowett's salary or Pasteur's work upon racemic acid and its relations to polarised light.

Not all young people care for Lewis Carroll. Mr. Taylor tells a painful story of certain aristocratic children who were a good deal less attentive than those at the Deanery, and who were preserved from disgrace only by the correct behaviour of a small member of the royal family. Yet the books have become classics. They remain wonderful, whether interpreted in terms of Christ Church politics or the ultimate recesses of the human psyche; whether commented out of Kafka or the calculus. Is this perhaps because, whatever has gone into them, what emerges is nonsense after all—or something as near to that as the human mind can get? But nonsense does not exclude precision, and the shade of Dodgson must approve the accuracy and finish of Mr. Taylor's book. One slip, indeed, there is. It was Kennington, not Kensington, that was visited in the course of the excursion described on p. 178.

J. I. M. STEWART

## LA LITTÉRATURE FRANCO-BRITANNIQUE

Under the above title the Paris weekly *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* has recently been publishing a number of interviews with French and British writers. There was a common assumption that it was highly desirable to strengthen the links between ourselves and France, and a wide variety of response to the question how this could best be done. Literary conferences do little good, said Charles Morgan; they may even be dangerous, added André Maurois, because the French and English use words which seem to be the same but have very different overtones. Others found conferences useful and stimulating, not so much in the formal discussion as in the personal meetings behind the scenes: Alan Pryce-Jones spoke warmly of the friendships and discussions at Pontigny before the war, at Royaumont since.

François Mauriac confessed that though profoundly influenced by Dickens and George Eliot, he could not read English; Raymond Mortimer suggested that the rising generation of English writers relied more on translations than his had done; but most agreed that the technique of interchange had been speeded up. Gabriel Marcel pointed out that most books of importance were promptly translated into the other language (though L. P. Hartley was an exception and, till recently, Joyce Cary); but that French theatrical managements were less enterprising than French publishers—Paris had still to see *The Cocktail Party*, *The Family Reunion*, *Venus Observed*.

Jean Rostand spoke of the influence of scientific writers—de Broglie, Haldane, Huxley; André Siegfried of the need to explain each other's law, politics, education. But there was more than one hint that international understanding may, like happiness, best be found indirectly: the novelist who best shows national character is, in Joyce Cary's view, the novelist who best depicts the people he knows. Nor, said T. S. Eliot, is it the writer's duty deliberately to exercise his influence. "*Sa tâche est de parfaire son œuvre au maximum de ses possibilités.*"

J. A. S.

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## Art and Architecture

ANTHONY BLUNT: The Courtauld Collection of Paintings. *Athlone Press.* 70s.
JEAN CASSOU and G. GRIGSON: The Female Form in Painting. *Thames & Hudson.* 21s.
W. G. CONSTABLE: Richard Wilson. *Routledge.* 63s.
L. GOLDSCHEIDER: Michelangelo: paintings, sculpture and architecture. *Phaidon.* 42s.
H. S. GOODHART-RENDEL: English Architecture since the Regency. *Constable.* 25s.
COL. M. H. GRANT: Dictionary of British Sculptors. *Rockliff.* 50s.
ROBIN IRONSIDE: The Burning-Glass. *Verschoyle.* 15s.
BARBARA JONES: Follies and Grottoes. *Constable.* 40s.
N. PEVSNER: Derbyshire. Durham. *Penguin.* 3s. 6d. each.
GRAHAM REYNOLDS: Painters of the Victorian Scene. *Batsford.* 42s.
ERNEST SHORT: A History of British Painting. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25s.
IRENE VONGEHR VINCENT: The Sacred Oasis—Kansu. *Faber.* 30s.
M. WEEKLEY: Thomas Bewick. *Oxford.* 25s.
LAURENCE WHISTLER: The Imagination of Vanbrugh. *Newman Neame.* 63s.

## Autobiography, Memoirs, Reporting

PETER ABRAHAMS: Return to Goli. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.
L. S. AMERY: My Political Life, Vol. 1. *Hutchinson.* 25s.
HUGH DALTON: Call Back Yesterday. *Muller.* 21s.
TOM DRIBERG: The Best of Both Worlds. *Phoenix House.* 15s.
SUDHIN GHOSE: The Vermilion Boat. *Michael Joseph.* 18s.
LALI HORSTMANN: The Flood after the Fire. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15s.
DENIS JOHNSTON: Dionysia, a chronicle of war. *Verschoyle.* 25s.
SIR HARRY LUKE: Cities and Men. *Bles.* 25s.
J. MACLAREN-ROSS: The Weeping and the Laughter. *Hart-Davis.* 12s. 6d.
MORAY MCLAREN: A Singing Reel. *Hollis & Carter.* 16s.
LORD PAKENHAM: Born to Believe. *Cape.* 18s.
A. M. RENDEL: Cretan Assignment. *Allan Wingate.* 12s. 6d.
MAURICE SACHS: Day of Wrath. *Barker.* 16s.
GEORGE SANTAYANA: My Host the World. *Cresset.* 12s. 6d.
SIR WALFORD SELBY: Diplomatic Twilight (1930-40). *Murray.* 16s.
CÉCILE SOREL: An Autobiography. *Staples.* 15s.
FREYA STARK: The Coast of Incense. *Murray.* 25s.

## Biography and Letters

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M. BELLASIS: Honourable Company. *Hollis & Carter.* 21s.
EILEEN BIGLAND: Marie Corelli. *Jarrolds.* 16s.
WILFRID BLUNT: Pietro's Pilgrimage. *Barrie.* 18s.
URSULA BRIDGE (ed.): Correspondence of W. B. Yeats and T. Sturge Moore, 1901–37. *Routledge.* 18s.
WITTER BYNNER: Journey with Genius. (D. H. Lawrence). *Nevill.* 18s.
H. S. DARBY: Hugh Latimer. *Epworth.* 18s. 6d.
TOM DRIBERG: Beaverbrook. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12s. 6d.
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GILES DUGDALE: William Barnes of Dorset. *Cassell.* 21s.
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# Books in General

WHEN I was young I used to turn first of all to the essay of Affable Hawk when the old *New Statesman* came. In that austere and sometimes virginal period of the paper before its brilliant marriage to *The Nation*, these articles were the most luminous and had the finest edge. Affable the hawk was; he would begin his articles with some simple personal sentence which, in the bright sense of journalism, was not a beginning at all; but he soon rose to hover and he always pounced at the moment of precision. His writing was like conversation, but we must add that it came from one of the finest conversationalists of a stern coterie who excelled in the art. It was not vague talk: he knew his thought and I doubt if he would have been easily persuaded from it. All good writing depends on surprise. In MacCarthy's the surprise lay in the simplicity underlying the civility of the writer, in the clarity and the *natural* choice of image. Also in his wisdom. Most writers value their brains so much that they fear pausing to be wise. There was as well a courtesy towards life and literature that was aristocratic, and an endless curiosity about their interrelation. He wrote an article more or less every week for all his professional life—a huge effort for a man of idle, or at any rate, divided temperament—and his seduction was that, whether he was at his best or not, he used literature not entirely for its own sake, but for the interpretation of human experience. It existed for him as the highest human amenity.

Urbane is a word that has often been used to describe MacCarthy's criticism, but it suggests too much indolent charm, polish and catholicity practised for their own pleasure. It suggests the *belle lettriste* listening to the sound of his own golden voice. MacCarthy's urbanity certainly rested on some assurances that were not lasting: he belonged to the leisured and independent educated class and by 1918 it was dissolving, society was becoming de-civilised and revolutionary, writers were becoming violent. He did not much care for the inelegance of the Twenties or the faiths of the Thirties. But his urbanity was not entirely a mould formed by a better-mannered period than our own. It was not a mould at all; it was an action, not a marmoreal condition. It was nourished by a private conflict. In his memoir to the latest volume of MacCarthy's collected writing,* Mr. Cyril Connolly has one or two good things to say about this:

> Like Sainte-Beuve, he strove to reconcile the wild romantic in him with the studious epicurean and eventually allowed the one to forgive the other.

Or again—

> As a young man he wished both to live fully and write fluently like Byron. His ancestors were men of action (one was a Regency rake) and he was very happy when acting as a special correspondent or getting more movement into his life than the critic's armchair warranted. But we live in an age when we cannot both be Byron and write like him. Genius can only be extracted from talent when it is subjected to a pressure that the possessor will do everything to avoid.

* *Memories*. By DESMOND MACCARTHY. Forewords by CYRIL CONNOLLY and RAYMOND MORTIMER. *MacGibbon & Kee*. 16s.

And Mr. Raymond Mortimer in his foreword to the same volume, reinforces the point of the conflict with living:

> I should say . . . that his gusto for life kept him from the ascetic regularity and solitude that authorship usually demands. . . . What delighted him more than art or ideas or landscape was human nature. . . . Goodness knows, he loved words for their own sake. But he loved them first as clues to character.

The new volume called *Memories* perfectly illustrates the fruits of this division of mind, not only in its literary essays but in its biographical fragments which include a brilliant account of his first day at Eton. The opening essay which compares the work of Trollope, Wells and Bennett, begins with a quotation from Bennett's Journals. They are surely not one of the great diaries of their kind in English literature, but MacCarthy looks at them a second time from the point of view of the living man and extracts an epigram:

> Anyhow, he thinks, the mere habit of recording experience increases the chance of not having lived in vain.

He goes on to the writer, but defines also the man:

> You know those little electric motors which can be fitted to sailing boats and drive them along when the wind drops. They have spoiled sailing, though they are exceedingly convenient. Arnold Bennett was an artist who was born (unfortunately for us, yes and for him too) with such an attachment. He could move rapidly in any direction he wished without waiting for the breath of inspiration; he could make progress without tacking. He was cursed with an irrelevant and impartial efficiency.

Of Wells:

> His method of constructing a book was often just to take the back out of the cart of his mind, tilt up the shafts and let the contents fall with an exhilarating rumble.

MacCarthy's images are there to make his point, not to lead us a dance round it, indeed he uses the image discreetly and times it most carefully. He preferred a few essential ideas to a crowd of brilliant ones. His criticism is not guessed as his gift carries him along. When he says, for example, that in *The Old Wives Tale* Arnold Bennett surpassed his ordinary powers because he rose above the point of view of the people themselves; when he writes of Galsworthy that his dramatic aim seemed to be not to make us live in his characters, but to make us fair-minded towards them, and adds:

> It is all to the good that a play or novel . . . should have a bearing on life as we have observed it, and that an author's mind should be full of the general woe or joy of the world. But only on condition that when once he sits down to write his interest in his people exceeds everything else—

he is making clear fundamental statements about imaginative literature which are frequently bungled by other less clear-headed critics. And he is no less fertile in equally fundamental things about the relation of literature and life. I find this judgment in the excellent conversation on Maupassant, a statement which ought to be framed and put up in every Public Library in England:

> Men are so constituted that they can support with singular composure and courage the misfortunes of others. And though this is not an amiable trait, thanks to it much has been written which is of great benefit even to those who suffer. They have been helped by the strong and indifferent to laugh at many things which might have overwhelmed them.

There is the criticism that incites the creative writer and there is the criticism which irradiates our reading and creates an atmosphere in which literature can live and please. MacCarthy's belonged to the second category. He was not an impressionist, for he did not deal in half-truths and generalities. He was quietly certain. His facts were sound, his detail was chosen carefully to point the definitions he excelled in making. One does, indeed, regret that he did not write at far greater length on some of his subjects, for confined to the two thousand words of the chronic periodical critic, he had to be decisive, where he might have asked more questions. If, for example, Bennett was above his characters in *The Old Wives Tale*, did he not condescend to them? And why? When MacCarthy wrote about novelists he often tended to treat their novels as memoirs and to regard a story as something found literally in life, rather than as something dramatically invented and imagined. The view of character, the view of life—matters which hardly separate the novelist from the biographer—solely interested him, and he smoothed away the violent differences of genius between the novelists. They were, I fancy, biographers to him. The epicurean, here, certainly swallowed the imaginative man. But this is natural enough: there was a good deal of the 18th-century moralist in MacCarthy, who was diverted by the variety of human beings and who excelled in defining it as it came along; it is a contemplative activity which does not feel the violence of the forces which make people what they are. Or even the necessities. Yet his sociable contemplations were clarifying, calming and succinct. What Mr. Connolly says of MacCarthy in aristocratic society is true of him in criticism:

> He knew not only how everybody pictured themselves, how they expected to be treated, but he saw right through to the inner aspirations of their personality, as if he had known them as children.

When one turns, after this remark, to MacCarthy's sharp and lurid portrait of Lord Alfred Douglas, to the touching and farcical account of his first days at Eton, to the anecdotes about General Gordon or Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, one sees that it is dead right. Clearly MacCarthy could not have been a novelist, for he had to be given his material and he once wrote a few pages to show how easy, and below the serious interest of an equipped and educated man, the writing of novels was. Where could his checked creative instinct have led him? In biography, perhaps, where—on oath, as he said a biographer ought to be—he would have created in unanswerable detail the most amusing fictions. He would have imported them into the social scene where alone, I think, people really lived for him. I doubt if the repressed romantic in him could have borne to think of their solitude. I think he gratified society by being deeply romantic about it. The remark of Mr. Connolly's which I have quoted reveals the imaginative but also worldly perceptiveness of a man who was only half joking when he said that, "on the whole, yes on the whole," he thought he

preferred common sense to genius. That was the overt sign of the active man who could never be quite subdued by the unworldly trance, the lonely and insidious dream of literature; and perhaps his surpassing gift as a dramatic critic owed a lot to the excited sense that *here* was the releasing transposition; here was literature in person, walking, talking, feeling, behaving before his ears and eyes.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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That this is true love's dialectics show.
In clocks that mark the hours' staccato pace
The pendulum swings slowly to and fro

And hurries to an end before you know
The seconds spent in seeing of a face.
That this is true love's dialectics show,

Approaching the extremes where lovers go
It is the pendulum that makes the pace.
The pendulum swings slowly to and fro

From sentiment to sense and high and low.
Useless to think abstractly of a face.
That this is true love's dialectics show.

While time is love's most ordinary foe,
Though Juliet tell the sun to run apace,
The pendulum swings slowly to and fro

And lovers are more star-crossed than they know.
We see a void and thought we held a face.
That this is true love's dialectics show.
The pendulum swings slowly to and fro.

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Plekhanov was the first Russian writer to apply with any thoroughness the materialistic conception of history to the realm of art, and this pioneer work, though somewhat out of date, is still of considerable interest. Born in 1856, one of Lenin's collaborators, he lived through the Revolution (as a reactionary!) and died in 1918. He is still honoured in Russia as the author of the first comprehensive exposition of Marxist philosophy (*In Defence of Materialism*, 1895), but his theory of art, in the opinion of the orthodox Communist, suffers from one fatal defect—he admitted the importance of the formal element in art and the existence of a corresponding "aesthetic sense" in mankind. He was infected by the prevailing symbolism, and however much he might attack the ivory tower, it was only because he believed it to be uninhabited. An artist must have ideas, and it was preferable that they should be "the great emancipatory ideas of our time"; but at the same time he could quote with approval one of Flaubert's letters to Georges Sand: "I believe in form and content, two things which can never exist the one without the other." "Anyone," adds Plekhanov, "who thinks it possible to sacrifice form 'for an idea' ceases to be an artist, if he ever was one."

Nevertheless Plekhanov remained a "pure-blooded materialist"—"I not only do not recognise the existence of a 'unique, imperishable beauty,' but do not even understand what sense can be attached to these words." Art, for Plekhanov, was "one of the means of spiritual communion between people." As such it must be simple and direct, and must have something to say. But the arts "say" things in their own special way. "The painter expresses his ideas in images, while the pamphleteer drives home his points by logical arguments." Art moves us; logic persuades us. The one appeals to the heart, the other to the intellect. But who is "us," and by what criterion do we measure the movements of the heart? These are questions which are still debated, in some form or other, and Plekhanov's arguments are still relevant. Their present strength lies in the concept of "communion."

Having admitted that not every idea is capable of constituting the foundation of a work of art, Plekhanov goes on to suggest that "only those ideas which promote communion between men can give true inspiration to the artist," and here, by all historical evidence, he is on strong ground. All the great epochs of art have that characteristic—artists are insensibly part of an integrated community. And we can admit further with Plekhanov that "the possible limits of such communion are determined, not by the artist, but by the level of culture achieved by the society to which he belongs." But then follows the Marxist corollary—"in a society divided into classes, moreover, it also depends on the nature of the class relationships and on the stage of development which each of the classes has attained." Since our own society is hopelessly divided into bourgeois and proletarian classes, a "disaccord" is introduced into the artist's mind. In the absence of any social unity, he turns in on himself and invents a theory and a practice of art for art's sake. Since the artist has to live in this disunited society, art for art's sake becomes art for money's sake, and henceforth decadent and mystical.

In the grip of his own theory, Plekhanov proceeds to condemn most of the writers and artists of his own time. The most considerable essay in this volume of selections, and the one which gives it its title, was written as late as 1912. And Plekhanov was very much "on the spot." At this very moment, when Paris is enjoying a grand retrospective exhibition of Cubism, it is fascinating to find our author discussing Gleizes and Metzinger, and even that idol of contemporary French Communists, Fernand Léger. Of course, he did not like them. He saw Cubism as an expression of extreme individualism, and "it is not good for man to be alone."

Extreme individualism in the period of bourgeois decay shuts off the artist from all sources of real inspiration. It makes him quite unaware of what is going on in society, and condemns him to barren preoccupation with his own private and empty experiences and sickly fantastic inventions. In the final count, the results not only bear no sort of relation to any kind of beauty, but constitute an obvious absurdity which can only be defended by a sophistical distortion of the idealist theory of knowledge.

Plekhanov could not foresee that forty years later those absurdities would be exhibited with pride in a magnificent new museum in Paris and would be attracting crowds of not conspicuously bourgeois people. Why has Cubism survived? Why is it now treated as *un grand style*—as, indeed, to quote M. Jean Cassou's introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition, as *une de ces périodes monumentales et glorieuses de l'histoire de l'art*? The answer is that the artists who called themselves Cubists had an ideology, a very precise ideology, an ideology of *structure*. They presented a divided society with an ideal that might help to unify it, and this indeed might be given as the ideal of art—not to express or reflect the existing commonplaces of life (Stalin presenting prizes to the heroes of the drive for the increased production of armaments, etc.), but to communicate a sense of perfection—a sense, dare we say it, of that "pure beauty" which lies near to the heart of any good society.

HERBERT READ

## HUXLEY ON EVOLUTION

**Evolution in Action.** By JULIAN HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

A good book on evolution for the layman is much needed. Dr. Huxley's collection of Third Programme lectures has some excellent features, but it does not fill the gap. *Evolution in Action* presents the main conclusions of the leading British and American authorities on the course of evolution, as far as we know it, and on the theory of natural selection; more notably, full recognition is given to the general importance of the idea of evolution for human thought; and man's unique character and place in the biological world are given adequate emphasis. The distinction between organic, or biological, evolution, and social evolution, is clearly made, and the relationship between them is discussed.

One passage of this discussion is introduced by the sentence: "The overall process of evolution in this comprehensive sense comprises three main phases"—an example of a style which makes much of the book heavy reading. And the lack of elegance in the writing is matched by an even more serious lack of precision. We are told, for instance, that it is a "necessary postulate" that "there are mental as well as material properties of the universe." It is not necessary to be a logical positivist to ask exactly what this means, and for what the postulate is necessary, but no clear answer to these questions is to be found. In a book of this sort it is necessary to be critical in the drawing of conclusions as well as catholic in the choice of facts; but Dr. Huxley's method is both uncritical and dogmatic. He asserts (and most biologists will sympathise) that theories such as those of Lamarck and Lysenko are "out," but he gives no hint of the grounds for this statement or of the complex problems involved. This passage does not square well with a later one on "the intrinsic wrongness of absolutism." Nor does it fit happily with the footnote on page 44, in which Dr. Huxley describes observations on bacteria which are most readily explained on "Lamarckian" lines. The preference for fashion rather than fact is shown also in the confident assertion that modern civilisation "favours the differential decrease of the genes concerned with intelligence": recent work by several authorities not mentioned by Dr. Huxley has made this hypothesis exceedingly improbable.

In the past hundred years the idea of evolution

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has created a revolution in human thought—one of which, today, most people are probably quite unconscious. It is a subject of perennial interest and importance, and it deserves less casual treatment than it has received from Dr. Huxley.

ANTHONY BARNETT

## NEW NOVELS

**The Retreat.** By P. H. NEWBY. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
**Mission in Guemo.** By S. B. HOUGH. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
**Port of Call.** By MAXWELL GRIFFITH. *Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Newby's new novel opens in May, 1940, with a young fighter-pilot, Oliver Knight, convalescent after illness, making his way to Dunkirk for evacuation: his one thought is to see the wife whom he married just before leaving England. The boat he embarks on is bombed, Knight is blown into the water and, when picked up, stripped of clothes and all marks of identity, gives the authorities a false name and number. Landed in England, he sets out to find first of all not his wife but two old friends, man and wife, of whom the latter has recently given birth to a dead baby. With her, a woman crazed with grief, Knight runs away; and so begins a confused chase across England in which the woman's husband, Knight's wife, the R.A.F. and the civil police all join in. At one point, at an early stage in their flight, Knight thinks:

> Jane and I are lost in the wood and we are trying to find our way. We can scarcely see and we are afraid of feeling. And, as we press on, the trees are closing up behind us and barring our retreat. There is no retreat. We must go on and on.

Towards the end of the novel, when he is going back to his wife, what has happened appears to him as "a mysterious ritual . . . the movements of a ceremony for the composure of troubled spirits."

Mr. Newby, I believe, is generally regarded as an obscure novelist. If he is, then he is so in the completely proper and admirable way defined and defended by Chapman:

> Obscurity in affection of words and indigested conceits is pedantical and childish; but where it shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets, with that darkness will I still labour to be shadowed.

All the same, to readers who have not read Mr. Newby's previous novel, *A Step to Silence*, *The Retreat* may well appear more obscure than it really is, for in some sense it is a sequel to the earlier book, and the publisher might have said so. Doubtless it is meant to stand alone, and perhaps it does, but it is much more comprehensible if one knows *A Step to Silence* and the relations described in that novel between Knight, Jane and her husband Hesketh. They provide the new novel, in other words, with a necessary background.

Given that, I think *The Retreat* is one of the best things Mr. Newby has done, and for me he remains much the most interesting of the post-war novelists. He writes always in a state of what I can only call hallucinated vision, rightly, because his characters are always in a state of tension, lost in the wood; he writes, so to speak, with a temperature of 103. What he writes seems to me more like life—at the moment it is being lived—than the work of almost any other living novelist. This means that it is unlike most other fiction; most novelists, quite properly, give us a rationalisation of life. Mr. Newby doesn't: he gives us the bewilderment of minds in crisis at the time of the crisis itself, and he uses all his very considerable technical skill and all his power of writing, which is great, to bring the bewilderment home to us. For all the obvious and enormous differences between them, the novelist Mr. Newby is closest to seems to me Mr. Henry Green—before he took to writing novels exclusively in dialogue. In both cases the effect aimed at and got is curious and complex, much more like that of poetry, alike in ambiguity of meaning and in texture of writing, than of prose fiction as we normally know it. Both are to be read at first in the same state of passiveness as one first reads a poem. Like Mr. Green, Mr. Newby is a true original.

*Mission in Guemo* appears to be Mr. Hough's third novel. The others I have missed—to my regret, for on the evidence of this he is the best thriller-writer to have come forward since Mr. Ambler. Not that there is any similarity: Mr. Hough has a new line. *Mission in Guemo* opens arrestingly enough: "Branden believed Hitler to be dead until he met Saturn Tilloy in that South American village," and the surprises continue at any rate for three-quarters of the way through the book; for what Brandon discovers in the jungle of a remote, dictator-governed South American republic is nothing less than a complete Nazi state in miniature, ruled and staffed by fugitives from the Third Reich and with a slap-up atomic pile of its own; waiting to take the world over after America and Russia have bled and bombed each other to death.

Mr. Hough makes it all horridly plausible, and what gives his fancy the greater authority is that he has taken Nazi doctrines a little further than they had reached by 1945, brought them up to date in the light of the experience of the war. The racial dogma has gone, for instance. The Fuehrer, whom they smuggled out of the bunker in Berlin, was intransigent to the end, but he died, and was more useful dead and a legend than as the shadow of his former self. But what gives this thriller its especial distinction is the character of the hero Branden, a scientist who has opted


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out of the world because of his horror at the fruits of his labours and become a pacifist because he can conceive nothing worse than a third world war. When he goes, on behalf of the British Ambassador, as a spy into the Nazi utopia in Guemo, he does so not knowing whether he will in fact spy or whether he will throw in his lot with the Nazis, sick as he is of American capitalism and Soviet communism, and searching still for a faith. The prolonged dialectical duel between him and the American leader of the Nazis is wonderfully well done and furthers the action all the time. This is a very superior thriller indeed.

*Port of Call* is a first novel from the United States. What its author sets out to do he does admirably, and what he sets out to do is describe three consecutive days, from the points of view of many characters, in the cruise of an American aircraft-carrier at the beginning of the Korean War. That war is merely a threat in background; the cruise is for training purposes and in the Caribbean. What happens is much as one would expect. The captain is a martinet and a careerist; when the sailors go ashore in Cuba they fight, fornicate and, in the end, riot; when they return to ship they are disciplined by an immediate and intensified series of exercises. All this is excellently done, without either Hollywood sentimentality or Hollywood flag-waving: one is carried along, right to the inevitable plane-crash on the flight-deck, by the sheer documentary interest of it all. That, of course, is the rub; from its very nature, the novel has no real theme, as for example *The "Cain" Mutiny*, which is the obvious comparison, had. All the same, Mr. Griffith has done something that our own young novelists do not seem to have the art of doing. A novel about life on a British aircraft-carrier: it appears unthinkable except in wartime. But why?

WALTER ALLEN

---

Under the title *The Military Necessity*, the Cresset Press have issued a new translation, by Humphrey Hare, of de Vigny's *Servitude et Grandeur Militaire* (12*s*. 6*d*.). New editions include Croce's *Aesthetic* (Vision Press and Peter Owen, 42*s*); the volumes on *Rome* and *Florence* in Dent's Mediæval Towns series (revised, 10*s*. 6*d*. each); R. H. Thouless's *Straight and Crooked Thinking* (revised and enlarged, Pan Books, 2*s*.); and Anthony Martienssen's *Crime and the Police* (Penguin Books, 2*s*.).

## Week-end Competitions

No. 1,203

**Set by John Dee**

Competitors are asked to write the first 150 words of a "popular science" article in the style of today describing one of the following new inventions: the flint axe, fire, fermented drink, iron, bows and arrows, leeches in medicine. Entries by March 24.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,200

**Set by G. de Vavasour**

Prizes are offered for a contribution, in twelve lines of verse, to *The Bad Child's Book of Careers*. Entries, which should deal with a single Career, may take the form either of a Recommendation or of a Warning.

**Report by G. de Vavasour**

*The Lighthouse Keeper:* "For one by nature a recluse, this is a good career to choose." But all the verses are not as wholesomely straightforward as this. Mr. C. Bibby, for example, recommends the trade of Psycho-Analyst for the same curious reasons that Mr. E. Blishen rejects it. Should there not be a moral (or, more properly, an immoral) of sorts about the piece? Perhaps not, but it is this, all the same, that gives point to the best of the entries. P. M.'s *Tax Collector* provides an instance:

> The tax collector lifts his hat
> But finds no welcome on the mat.
> His life's embittered, one suspects.
> He may not keep what he collects—

Company Meeting

# JOHN SUMMERS & SONS

### INCREASED NET PROFIT

### PROGRESS OF SHOTTON WORKS SCHEME

### EFFECT OF RAW MATERIALS SHORTAGE

THE annual general meeting of John Summers and Sons, Ltd., was held on Friday, March 6, at Chester, Mr. Richard F. Summers (chairman of the company) presiding.

The following is the report of the directors circulated to stockholders:—

The Directors have pleasure in submitting their Annual Report together with the Audited Accounts of the Company for the 52 weeks ended September 27, 1952.

PRESENTATION OF ACCOUNTS

The method of presentation of the Accounts is exactly similar to that adopted last year, but as the accounts at that time covered a period of 39 weeks only, resulting from the change in the Company's financial year end, the comparative figures shown in the Profit and Loss Account are for this shorter period.

DEVELOPMENT SCHEME

Progress on the scheme for complete integration of the Shotton Works, involving the erection of coke ovens, blast furnaces and new steelworks, continued during the period, expenditure amounting to £5,773,029, giving a total expenditure to 27th September, 1952, of £13,742,634. Certain sections of the plant came into operation in the middle of August and the expenditure thereon £7,094,197, has been transferred to the main heading of Fixed Assets—Land, Property, Fixed Plant and Machinery, Houses and Cottages. Although this plant did not contribute in any material way to the profits of the period, depreciation has been provided for the six weeks the plant was in operation.

Further units are now in operation and it is hoped that during the next few months all the plant included in the first stage of the scheme will be completed and in full-scale production.

SECOND STAGE APPROVED

A second stage, covering the installation of further coke ovens and a second blast furnace, has been approved by all the appropriate authorities during the past year and construction, which has already started, will continue without interruption after the completion of the first stage.

The expenditure on these schemes has from their inception been under the strict supervision of the Directors, and although rising prices have increased the costs over the original estimate your Directors are satisfied that the extensions will be completed at reasonable costs for present-day conditions.

They are also satisfied that after the initial running-in period the production from this new plant will give a supply of high-quality steel which will enable the production of the Strip Mill to be greatly increased and thereby assure the Company's position in the industry and place it in a highly competitive position both at home and in the overseas markets.

SURPLUS ON ASSETS VESTED IN THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD

Further sums totalling £274,426 were received during the period in respect of the Colliery Assets of certain of the Subsidiary Companies. The final amount of compensation to be received has not yet been determined, but a further substantial payment has been received since the end of September and it is confidently expected that the final surplus on the book value of the assets taken over on January 1, 1947, will exceed £500,000.

DEBENTURE STOCK

This issue of Debenture Stock has not been affected by the Iron and Steel Act, 1949, and is still held by the general investing public. During the past year the Company has been buying any amounts of Stock offered on the Stock Exchange and will meet the first operation of the Sinking Fund in June, 1953, by the surrender of the appropriate amount of such Stock.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Shortage of raw materials was a limiting factor on the production of all the major units of plant, but close supervision of operating costs maintained profit margins and satisfactory prices were obtained for the limited tonnage which was permitted to be sold in the export market. Trading profits were once more augmented by the revaluation of stocks resulting from an increase in steel prices during the year, and in accordance with the practice which has been adopted in past years it is proposed to transfer to Stock Reserve the approximate net amount after taxation of such windfall profit.

The amount of income tax and profits tax saved by initial allowances on capital expenditure up to the withdrawal of such allowances on April 6, 1952, has again been transferred to the Special Reserve for Deferred Taxation.

Provisional computations which have been prepared show that there is no liability on the Company for Excess Profits Levy.

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS

The Net Profit of the period available for appropriation by the parent Company amounts to £1,335,045 compared with £886,938 for the 39 weeks of 1951. Out of this profit provision has been made for payment of the dividend on the 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock for the year and for the payment of a final dividend of 5½ per cent. on the Ordinary Stock which, together with the interim dividend of 3 per cent. paid during the year, makes a total dividend for the year of 8½ per cent.

The Directors recommend transfers of £800,000 to General Reserve, £25,000 to Contingencies Reserve and £150,000 to Stock Reserve, leaving the carry forward in the parent Company's accounts at exactly the same figure as that of the previous year.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the dividends as recommended were approved.

The retiring directors, Sir Geoffrey Summers, Bt., C.B.E., D.L., Mr. Neville H. Rollason, Mr. L. C. Salter and Mr. Kenneth Younghusband, were re-elected, and the remuneration of the auditors, Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co., having been fixed, the proceedings terminated.

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Prizewinners, who carry it off by sheer consistency, are Pibwob and D. R. Peddy (two guineas each), Edward Blishen and D. H. (one guinea). Other good entries came from Olwyn White, P. M., Peter Marks, Lakon, L. G. Udall, A. M. Sayers, I. C. Saul and G. K.

### The Croupier

My child, b come a Croupier;
It is my dearest wish.
He profits when the oofy play in places round
Le Touquet way,
With chips, though not with fish.
It quite delights the Croupier,
Beyond the slightest doubt,
When someone like Farouk *y est*, and .e calls
"*faites vos jeux*," *qui est*
The signal to fork out.
But if, by W.T.A.
One goes there on the spree,
No doubt one strikes the croupier as more than somewhat loopy, eh?
I must say I agree.

D. R. Peddy

### The Blackmailer

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor?
Shun toiling in such humdrum spheres!
The calling of a keen Blackmailer
Stands at the zenith of careers;
In it you only have to deal
With the most honoured clientele.

A shameful secret and some tact
Comprise your total stock-in-trade
To coax your patients to re-act
As you desire. When they have paid
To close the deal, if you want more
Repeat the treatment as before.

Pibwob

### The Teacher

You should not, Infant, need to ask
Why Teaching is an odious task.
Consider that the Usher's role
Is to endeavour to control
A horde of little beasts like you
(Which no sane man would seek to do!)

Since wealth is not the fellow's aim,
Nor Health, nor Happiness, nor Fame.
The learned are compelled to list
Him as a Hopeless Masochist.
No other reason will explain
Why he should tread his path of pain.

Edward Blishen

### The Author

The Author, the Author, he strolls in the sun,
While his royalties mount to the sky;
He has a large service apartment in town,
And a charming mixed farm down near Rye.
He flies now and then to the rich U.S.A.,
They pay him for just being there;
Beside twenty quid every week from "Aunt May"
For laying his heart and life bare.
So my child, take your pen, and embark with all speed
On a life rich in leisure and glory.

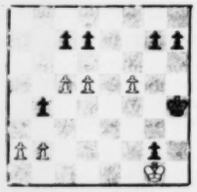
Of course, there are Authors who do not succeed—
But theirs is a quite different story.

D. H.

## CHESS: Spanner in the Works

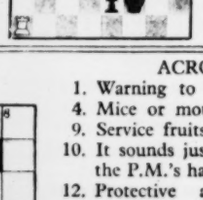
No. 180

Whenever we have to face equally unattractive alternatives, none of them curable *per se*, our only chance may be a determined effort to disturb the all too smooth machinery of the opponent's planning.



In this interesting position (indicated by G. Kieninger) White may well have hopes for his distant QRP; but, if he starts pushing it at once, Black will play K-Kt6, coming in first with a mating attack of his KRP. Yet, if the White K first takes the KtP he presents the Black K with the very tempo he needs still to catch the QRP. It seems quite a quandary, and the only way out is to play havoc, as it were, with the enemy's lines of communication. (1) P-KB6!!, P x P, (2) K x P, K-Kt5, (3) P-R4, P x P e.p., (4) P x P, K-B4, (5) P-R4, K-K4, (6) P-Q6! P x P, (7) P-B6! P x P, (8) P-R5 etc. So two more of these "spanners" had to be rudely thrown to ensure safe passage for that one surviving pawn.

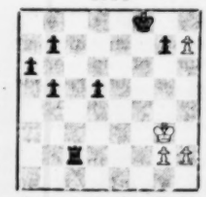
Less drastically but quite as subtly the same object was achieved in one of Tartakower's most interesting endgames, to be found in his new autobiography (*My Best Games*, *Bell*, 1953. 22*s*. 6*d*.). A useful collection, well indexed and edited (by Golombek) and superbly annotated by Tartakower himself. But it seems a pity to have only a page or two of personal notes; surely, the life of one as witty as Tartakower should not be quite as devoid of anecdotes and of that wealth of reminiscences he must have accumulated through his intimate and prominent connection with fifty years of Chess history. But to revert to that ending—Gilg-Tartakower, Semmering 1926—it is most interesting to see how shrewdly, in the first few moves of the diagrammed position, Tartakower by-passes the obvious drawing lines; how cleverly he manoeuvres his King to be nearer the enemy Pawn; and how consistently, while his own Pawn remains as powerful as ever, the opposite one is being made innocuous and finally eliminated.



| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (1) — | R-Kt8! | (7) R-R1 | R-K5 |
| (2) R-R2 | K-B6! | (8) R-R1 ch | K-Kt5 |
| (3) R-R3 ch | K-B5 | (9) R-Kt1 ch | K-B4 |
| (4) R-R4 ch | K-Kt6 | (10) R-K1 | K-B3! |
| (5) R-R3 ch | K-R5 | (11) K-R7 | K-Kt4 |
| (6) R-R4 ch | K-Kt5 | (12) P-R6 | R-K2 ch |

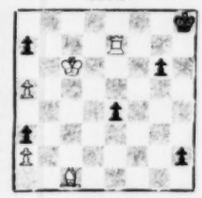
In this week's competition the 4-pointer for beginners should teach them a useful endgame trick.

**A:** Emanuel Lasker
1914



It is a game position from a simultaneous performance given in London in 1914. Lasker (Black) played R-B6ch, and his opponent could have won by K-B2 (countering further checks by K-K3-Q2); but he made the mistake of K-Kt4, which gave Black the win in a few moves. How? As for **B**—White to win—and **C**—White to draw—they were the Gold and Silver Medalists among the endgame studies in the recent Olympic Problem Competition. They should be well worth 7 and 6 points respectively. Usual prizes. Entries by March 23.

**B:** C. A. Peronace
1952



**C:** L. Nyeviczkey
1952

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 21

A: (1) R x B, K x R. (2) P-R7.
B: (1) Kt-K7. Kt-Q2. (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-Kt3. (3) Kt x P, Kt-B3. (4) Kt-Q7 ch, Kt x Kt. (5) P-K5 etc.
if (2) . . . K-R3. (3) Kt-Kt8 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-QKt8! P-B4. (2) R-Kt7, Q-KB3. (3) R-QB7, P-B5. (4) R-B6, Q x R. (5) P-Kt8 (Kt) ch, K-Kt3 (6) Kt-R7 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . Q-KB3. (2) R-Kt6, Q x R. (3) P-Kt8(Kt) ch, K-Kt3. (4) Kt-K7 ch, K-B3. (5) Kt-Q5 ch, etc.

Many competitors stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, F. R. Oliver, A. Schneider. Equally correct: Leslie Hale, M. Kaye, C. Sandberg. *In our game "Rest of the World v. London"* (see New Statesman and Nation, Feb. 28) some Londoners were too eager to wait their turn and sent "conditional" moves even before (1) P-K4 was published. The *majority vote* is for (1) . . P-K4

*Non-Londoner's 2nd move due by March* 18.

Assiac

## Week-end Crossword No. 39

### ACROSS

1. Warning to skaters? (6).
4. Mice or mountains? (8).
9. Service fruits (6).
10. It sounds just the place for the P.M.'s hat (8).
12. Protective appearance of atomic warfare (8).
13. Wood and metal on land (6).
15. Name for a back wheel centre (4).
17. Victorian tuckshop money? (3, 7).
19. Mountain subject and instrument (10).
20. What Wemmick called his parent (4).
23. He did Latin and German with prolific results (6).
24. Communist stalwart seen frequently at certain Universities (3, 5).
27. Lukewarm place (8).
28. Nurse a young lettuce plant (6).
29. A ghastly crew (8).
30. Keats without a handsome hero (6).

### DOWN

1. Write up a piece of music for the god (7).
2. Its rule is rough-and-ready (5).
3. This don is a producer—talented too (6).
5. Central line in European politics (4).
6. Where to exhort gaol-birds? (8).
7. Limp about with no sign of an engagement, begging (9).
8. Ships may make rules about American money (7).
11. Swamps with a lake in the middle (7).
14. Frolicked mainly in the way up (7).
16. A vegetable, I stifle art (9).
18. The interval sets me against myself (8).
19. Softens loud noises in animals (7).
21. Airborne states (7).
22. The sailor's path is across the sea (6).
25. Brand's creator (5).
26. One Roman without a historian (4).

Set-square

*Solution to No. 38*

Company Meeting

# ILLINGWORTH, MORRIS & CO., LTD.

## MOST DIFFICULT YEAR
## LORD WILMOT'S REVIEW

THE 33rd Ordinary General Meeting of Illingworth, Morris & Co., Ltd., worsted spinners, was held at the Midland Hotel, Bradford, on Thursday, March 12th. The Rt. Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, P.C., J.P. (Chairman) presided.

In his statement to the stockholders, the Chairman said:—

The year to 30th September, 1952, was one of the most difficult the industry has experienced. From February to August demand fell to an extremely low level, resulting in much short-time working, and, unfortunately, a drift away from the industry of many valued skilled workers. It is to the enduring credit of the industry that the difficulties have been surmounted without widespread disaster.

Since the end of our financial year there has been, I am happy to say, a brisk renewal of demand, which, had it come earlier, would certainly have saved much dislocation and some loss. As it is, instead of an orderly spacing of work after a period of stagnation, the demand has come in a rush and delivery dates are now very extended. These fluctuating conditions not only impose severe strains on our organisation, but inflict uncertainty and hardship on our workers. They also greatly add to our costs and may curtail the profitability of our enterprise, although our order books are satisfactorily full. The revival in demand is, nevertheless, very welcome, and if we continue as we have begun this year the results should be not less favourable than last.

One of our major anxieties is occasioned by the severe fluctuations in the price of wool. It is certainly not our policy to speculate in wool as a commodity, and we are most eager to avoid having to do so, but, using as we do only the finest of wools for our very high-class products, we are bound to buy our raw material during the season when it is available. With a heavy order book and long delivery dates, we are unavoidably at hazard to a fall in the price of wool. We have noted with interest the proposal to set up a Wool Futures Market in this country and I do hope that those who see in this a means by which some mitigation of the problem may be found will prove to be right.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

**Delightful for Holiday Golf**

**TURNBERRY**
**HOTEL**
AYRSHIRE

The famous resort and renowned Ailsa Golf Course on Scotland's Sunny West Coast

*Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager*

Hand Built **RADIOGRAMOPHONE** Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
**UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS**
16, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4051


Company Meeting

# HOOVER LIMITED

## YEAR OF CONSIDERABLE TRADING DIFFICULTIES

## CONTINUED ASCENDANCY OVER COMPETITORS

## SIR CHARLES COLSTON ON TAXATION

The annual general meeting of Hoover Limited will be held on March 30 at Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

The following is an extract from the review of the Chairman and Managing Director, Sir Charles Colston, C.B.E., M.C., D.C.M., which has been circulated to stockholders covering the year ended December 31, 1952:—

The year under review was one of considerable difficulty both at home and abroad. The sellers' market has gone, decisively and abruptly. High purchase tax, credit restrictions and the general disinflationary policy of the Government have considerably reduced the sales of the domestic appliance industry in Britain; while export markets have been severely affected by import restrictions, shortage of sterling, stronger competition, and the trade recession in so many countries which has followed on the heels of the boom caused by the outbreak of hostilities in Korea.

### DOMESTIC APPLIANCES

There has always been severe competition in the domestic appliance industry. On the basis of the Board of Trade figures for the electric cleaner industry for 1952, as published so far, we maintained our percentage of the total production by all manufacturers in Britain, and have thus achieved a continued ascendancy over all our competitors. The Hoover electric cleaner has by reason of its quality and efficiency maintained its unique hold on public favour.

In the electric washing machine industry, I can say, on the basis of Board of Trade statistics, that we have increased our percentage of total production in Britain in 1952, compared with our percentage in 1951. We have again exported more electric washing machines than all other British manufacturers combined. Our sales of electric washing machines in 1952 in the Home Market were substantially larger than in the previous year and we have established an ascendancy in this field similar to that which we have achieved over many years in the electric cleaner industry.

We have carried on active research in this field, and we have now launched our new Mark II model, which will be marketed side by side with our existing Mark I model. The choice of electric washing machines which we can now offer will be convenient to the public and it should stimulate sales. The Hoover washing machines are moderate in price and so should be able to command a mass market at home and abroad, essential to maximum efficiency and economy in production.

F.H.P. MOTORS: Fractional horse-power motors are a highly competitive market where economy in design and efficiency in production are vital. Our Cambuslang factory is well equipped to meet competition, however severe, and we have taken active steps to open up new export markets.

HOOVER SERVICE DEPARTMENT: The activity of our service department has been fully maintained. The department provides a prompt and expert service which is appreciated in the many hundreds of thousands of households in which Hoover electric cleaners and washing machines are installed.

After reviewing in detail the problems arising in the world markets, the statement continues: We have persevered in our efforts to expand exports to the U.S.A. and we are hopeful that substantial progress will be made in the present year. Altogether we are exporting to 89 countries all over the world.

### FINANCIAL RESULTS.

Our consolidated profit for 1952 has fallen sharply to £1,602,000, compared with £3,014,000 for 1951, a reflection of the many difficulties we have encountered in both home and export markets. Provision for taxation amounts to £954,000, leaving a net balance of £648,000, compared with £1,212,000 last year. The amount of £200,000 has been transferred to general reserve. The Board have decided to recommend a final dividend of 9d., less tax, on each Ordinary Stock Unit, making a total for the year of 1s. 3d., less tax, compared with 1s. 9d., less tax, for the previous year. On the basis of this distribution the dividend payable under the Articles of Association on the "A" Ordinary Shares amounts to 10.9815d., less tax, per share, compared with approximately 3s. 3d., less tax, last year. This constitutes a particularly sharp fall in the dividend on the "A" Ordinary Shares, the majority of which are held by nearly 100 of the senior executives of the Company.

### NEW PRODUCTS PLANNED.

Our aim is to increase the efficiency of our existing products and to introduce new products so as to strengthen and extend the range of our operations. This is not a light task. New products must be fully up to the Hoover standard and have worth while advantages over competing products, and should add to the prestige of the Company and its reputation as one of the leading home labour-saving engineering undertakings in the world. During the next few years we plan to introduce a number of new products which we believe will be welcomed by the public and will add to the solidity of the position of the Company.

### TAXATION AND SAVINGS.

Our Company is in the fortunate position that as a result of substantial ploughing back of profits over a long period we possess up-to-date and highly efficient plant. If we are given the opportunity to compete on even terms, we can, I think, confidently face competition anywhere in the world.

In Britain, capital formation is insufficient to provide for adequate modernisation, re-equipment and expansion of British industry. Unless we borrow abroad or obtain foreign investments in British industry, we must rely on our own savings. The power to save of the so-called wealthy and middle classes has been obliterated by taxation. The bulk of company earnings is eaten up by taxes. There is not sufficient left to enable industry to re-equip itself and provide the necessary incentives to investors.

The advice that is therefore being showered on the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to reduce taxation to enable companies and individuals to save more. To do that, Government expenditure must be reduced. But that cannot be done without reducing some of the subsidies and services which a benevolent Welfare State provides. Surely it is better to make temporary sacrifices of some comforts and convenience in order to strengthen the fabric of British industry, rather than recklessly undermine the foundation on which depends our existence as a highly industrialised State. Machines before butter. The Government should spend less and thus be in a position to reduce taxation. Each individual should spend less and save more. Most urgently the tax burden on companies should be reduced to enable them to save more and so provide some of the capital so pressingly required for modernization, re-equipment and expansion.

Our economic problems are not shrouded in mystery. Nor is magic required to solve them. The old-fashioned virtues of hard work and thrift provide the remedy.

As a company we have been confronted with many difficulties during the last year. Our whole organisation is meeting the challenge as a united team, with the greatest determination. We are proud of our products, we enjoy a rare measure of public goodwill, we have a virile organisation, and so we may look forward with sober confidence to the future.

A copy of the full statement by the Chairman can be obtained from the registered office of the Company, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

LONDON County Council. Kidbrooke Comprehensive School, Corelli Road, S.E.3. Headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 girls with 13 form entry opening in September, 1954, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1954. On basis of present Burnham provisions, head teacher allowance over and above assistant's scale salary will be approximately £900, making the total salary about £1,550. The school will be filled at the outset by the transfer of a grammar school, two secondary schools (one providing a four-year course and one a five-year course) and two secondary technical schools. Courses of varied kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some leading to advanced courses in commerce, needlecraft and house craft. There will be a deputy headmistress with a substantial special allowance, and adequate provision for other posts of special responsibility. The headmistress will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on form EO/TS10/Kidbrooke obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date March 25.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Deputy Children's Officer. Applications are invited for the above superannuable post in Grade A.P.T. VIII, £760-£835. N.J.C. conditions of service. Medical examination. Candidates should be trained Social Workers with practical experience of all services covered under the Children Act, 1948, and possess a Degree or Diploma in Social Science or Administration. They should have administrative and organising ability and experience and be competent to advise on problems of individual children and families. Applications giving age, qualifications, experience and the names and addresses of 2 referees, to be forwarded not later than March 18, to John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Public Health and Social Medicine from Graduates in Medicine, Biology, Psychology, Sociology or any other social science. Among the duties of the successful applicant will be participation in the research programme of the Senior Lecturer in Social Biology on the Social Biology and Social Medicine of the Ageing Population. Salary scale £450 by £50 to £550 per annum, with Superannuation Benefit and Family Allowance where applicable. Applications, with testimonials and including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.—Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in first instance in Lambeth area of Health Division 8. Energy and ability to manage staff required; previous experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary scale: £420 × £30 - £540. Commencing according to quals. and expce. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 8, 128 Brook Dr., S.E.11, returnable by March 23.

FOOD and Agriculture Organization (Rome), World Health Organization (Geneva), invite applications from Secretaries and Stenographers of English mother-tongue for tests to be held in London to recruit for stenographic pools. Standards required: 100 w.p.m. shorthand, with minimum 2 years' experience, plus school certificate; typing speed of 50 w.p.m.; age limit 20-40. When writing please state Organization preferred. Applications should be sent to the Examination Board, W.H.O., Palais des Nations, Geneva, giving snapshot, name and address, nationality, mother-tongue, age, education, experience, speeds. Further information will be sent only to those selected for testing. Closing date March 28, 1953.

EXACTING but interesting position for young lady in Central London Political Offices. Work includes responsibility to Executive Officer for administering Speakers' service, assistance in producing small journal, despatch of press releases, some research filing, etc. Preference to applicant with no ties owing to possible irregularity of hours on occasions. Salary 87s. at 19, 97s. at 20, 125s. at 21, rising to 143s. at 26. Keenness to train and personality more important than age or experience. Box 7322.

PART-time lecture organiser required for International Society, well-educated, with knowledge of and active interest in all aspects of world affairs. Box 7345.

MATRON & Assistant required for coeducational school with proportion of maladjusted children. Box 7277

STELLA Fisher Bureau 15 Strand W.C.2. All office staff placed—perm and temp. Typing Duplictg., Translatns., Trafalgar 9090.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PROGRESSIVE posts are available for intelligent women with typewriting and/or shorthand. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

YOUNG man required as general assistant to firm of Fine Art publishers. Must be able to type and willing to undertake variety of duties. Write Box 7511 or telephone GERard 4083 for appointment.

ENGLISH German shorthand-typist with knowledge of French reqd. Box 7471.

TRAVEL Service has vacancy for intelligent shthnd.-typist with good speeds. Also for adaptable bookkeeper. Box 7499.

SEC. sh./typ. to Managing Director, £8, interesting post. Apply "Graydon Bureau," 233 Strand (opp. Law Courts). CEN. 0604.

WANTED, for April, resident housekeeper for Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3

NEWSPAPER executive left with charming boy of 2 requires kindly, energetic woman to run comfortable London flat and child. Live in. References. Box 7389.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

NEOPHYTE barrister invites offers of employment, preferably part-time, minimum 36 hours weekly. Experienced in secretarial, accountancy, banking, insurance, commercial and industrial matters. Box 7340.

POST-grad. student, conscientious and capable, seeks part-time work for wage and/or accom. Anything consid. Box 7402.

WOMAN, several years' exp. organising, speaking, writing & 13 yrs. Financial Sec. lge. organisation, sks. post. Box 7288.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

LADY B.Sc. (Botany) expd. horticulturist, Swanley Dip. Horticul., sks interesting indr. post, salary by arrangement. Box 7428.

YOUNG woman, literary ability, secretarial experience B.B.C., Fleet Street and abroad, seeks interesting post. Box 7426.

## WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset. A small hotel for people of discernment. Reduced terms for long bkgs. until May & after Sept. Summer bkgs. from Thursdays.

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest Hse.; lovely country; excel. walking, motoring, gd. food; £4 12s. 6d. wk. Broch.: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

"STATESMAN" readers on holiday meet their like at the Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. (Illd. brochure.)

SOUTHERN France, near Pyrenees: simple, friendly accom. 2/3 pers.; gd. excursion centre; garden; inside sanitation. Full bd. 900 1,000 francs per day. Write Mme. Bielschowsky, Boeil-Bezing, près Pau, France (B.P.)

BUCKS. Small, comf. Guest House in lovely country. Good food, own produce. London 20 miles. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans, nr. Beaconsfield. Jordans 2155.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Book now for Spring & Summer holidays. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

LLEDR. Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley near Betws-y-Coed. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

PARIS. Spend Easter at Hotel de Bordeaux.* Latin Quarter. 350-600 frs. ntly. H.C. bath. Billiards. Recently modernised. English spoken. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Genevieve, Paris V. Metro. Maubert Mutualité.

INNSBRUCK, Tyrol. B. & B. 8s. 6d. English spoken. Mrs. Emmi Kratochwil, 3 Pembaurstrasse, Innsbruck.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2s. 8d. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. NSN, 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

SWISS Holiday. Hotel Moy, Oberhofen on Lake Thun, offers special 10-day terms of £15 all inclusive for front room with balcony from May 1 to July 15 and in September and October. Prospectus on request.

DEVON & Cornwall. Ideal early holidays. Comf. Guest Hses. From £5 5s. wk. inc. Brochure 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 mls. London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. cons., lge. garden.

GUARANTEE a good holiday. Sun, sea, excellent cuisine, lovely surroundings. Reasonable terms. Write for brochure: Hotel du Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var, France.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ALL who have thought of possibly visiting this All-season resort later are cordially invited write now for free informative illus. Brochure/tariff for future reference. Our hotel is full at time of going to press (largely with recommendations and repeat visits), but still has a few vacancies from mid-Apr. Cen. heated twin-bedded rooms (Slumberlands), average 6gns. (according to floor, etc.), incl. "extras." Meat or Vegetarian diet. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best position, full South, mild, sheltered. Opposite boating, fishing, own beach tent. Nr. Orchestra, curative baths.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Spring is the time to enjoy the country. Low terms Apl./June. Good food. Comfort. One visit and you will come again. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne Line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

DEVON, Woolacombe. "Sea-View" guesthouse for carefree homely holiday Phone 44. Bathe from house, ideal surf-riding, tennis. H. & C. all bedrms. Int. sprung mattresses. Mod. terms. Mrs. G. Garness. (Also furn. bungalow to let Apr., May, June.)

CORNWALL (South). A few paying guests taken in country house near to Kynance Cove, Cadgwith, The Lizard. Box 7456.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Restful hols., bracing air, extensive sands; gd. food (vegn. optl.), nr. Broads. Woodbine Guest Hse.

SKYE. Dunollie Hotel, Broadford. Completely modernised—opens May. Send for brochure: Hilditch. Broadford 253.

CÔTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provencal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

CO. GALWAY. Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.B. Country hse. touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Broch.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position, ideal for Winter and Spring Holidays. Rye 2216.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Mod. comforts; farm produce; good food & wine. Open Easter to mid-Oct. 10-14gns. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

JERSEY. Northern 601. St. John's Hotel. April & May. 7gns. wkly. Brochure.

SWITZERLAND—Book now for spring and summer in 3,370 ft. high Guest House on one of the finest spots of the world. Comfort, exc. cuisine, pers. attention. Daily: Fr. 15-16.50 all incl. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension Le Cerisier—Caux s/Montreux.

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17s. 6d. wk. incl. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. 3s. 6d., postage 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

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JAMES Callaghan, C. A. R. Crosland, Hugh Dalton, James Griffiths, Lord Hungarton & Michael Young at Fabian Society's Easter School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, April 2-6. Apply School Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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## PERSONAL

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## PERSONAL—continued

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*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

LONDON County Council. Kidbrooke Comprehensive School, Corelli Road, S.E.3. Headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 girls with 13 form entry opening in September, 1954, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1953. On basis of present Burnham provisions, head teacher allowance over and above assistant's scale salary will be approximately £900, making the total salary about £1,550. The school will be filled at the outset by the transfer of a grammar school, two secondary schools (one providing a four-year course and one a five-year course) and two secondary technical schools. Courses of varied kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some leading to advanced courses in commerce, needlecraft and house craft. There will be a deputy headmistress with a substantial special allowance, and adequate provision for other posts of special responsibility. The headmistress will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on form EO.TS10 Kidbrooke obtainable from Education Officer (EO.TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date March 25.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Deputy Children's Officer. Applications are invited for the above superannuable post in Grade A.P.T. VIII, £760-£835. N.J.C. conditions of service. Medical examination. Candidates should be trained Social Workers with practical experience of all services covered under the Children Act, 1948, and possess a Degree or Diploma in Social Science or Administration. They should have administrative and organising ability and experience and be competent to advise on problems of individual children and families. Applications giving age, qualifications, experience and the names and addresses of 2 refs to be forwarded not later than March 18, to John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Public Health and Social Medicine from Graduates in Medicine, Biology, Psychology, Sociology or any other social science. Among the duties of the successful applicant will be participation in the research programme of the Senior Lecturer in Social Biology on the Social Biology and Social Medicine of the Ageing Population. Salary scale £450 by £50 to £550 per annum, with Superannuation Benefit and Family Allowance where applicable. Applications, with testimonials and including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.—Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in first instance in Lambeth area of Health Division 8. Energy and ability to manage staff required: previous experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary scale: £420 × £30 - £540. Commencing according to quals. and expce. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 8, 128 Brook Dr., S.E.11, returnable by March 23.

FOOD and Agriculture Organization (Rome), World Health Organization (Geneva), invite applications from Secretaries and Stenographers of English mother-tongue for tests to be held in London to recruit for stenographic pools. Standards required: 100 w.p.m. shorthand, with minimum 2 years' experience, plus school certificate; typing speed of 50 w.p.m.; age limit 20-40. When writing please state Organization preferred. Applications should be sent to the Examination Board, W.H.O., Palais des Nations, Geneva, giving snapshot, name and address, nationality, mother-tongue, age, education, experience, speeds. Further information will be sent only to those selected for testing. Closing date March 28, 1953.

EXACTING but interesting position for young lady in Central London Political Offices. Work includes responsibility to Executive Officer for administering Speakers' service, assistance in producing small journal, despatch of press releases, some research filing, etc. Preference to applicant with no ties owing to possible irregularity of hours on occasions. Salary 87s. at 19, 97s. at 20, 125s. at 21, rising to 143s. at 26. Keenness to train and personality more important than age or experience. Box 7322.

PART-time lecture organiser required for International Society, well-educated, with knowledge of and active interest in all aspects of world affairs. Box 7345.

MATRON & Assistant required for coeducational school with proportion of maladjusted children. Box 7277

STELLA Fisher Bureau 15 Strand W.C.2. All office staff placed—perm and temp. Typing Duplictg., Translatns., Trafalgar 9090.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PROGRESSIVE posts are available for intelligent women with typewriting and/or shorthand. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

YOUNG man required as general assistant to firm of Fine Art publishers. Must be able to type and willing to undertake variety of duties. Write Box 7311 or telephone GERard 4083 for appointment.

ENGLISH German shorthand-typist with knowledge of French reqd. Box 7471.

TRAVEL Service has vacancy for intelligent shthnd.-typist with good speeds. Also for adaptable bookkeeper. Box 7499.

SEC. sh./typ. to Managing Director, £8, interesting post. Apply "Graydon Bureau," 233 Strand (opp. Law Courts); CEN. 0604.

WANTED, for April, resident housekeeper for Burges Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3

NEWSPAPER executive left with charming boy of 2 requires kindly, energetic woman to run comfortable London flat and child. Live in. References. Box 7389.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

NEOPHYTE barrister invites offers of employment, preferably part-time, minimum 16 hours weekly. Experienced in secretarial, accountancy, banking, insurance, commercial and industrial matters. Box 7340.

POST-grad. student, conscientious and capable, seeks part-time work for wage and/or accom. Anything consid. Box 7402.

WOMAN, several years' exp. organising, speaking, writing & 13 yrs. Financial Sec. lge. organisation, sks. post. Box 7288.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

LADY B.Sc. (Botany) expd. horticulturist, Swanley Dip. Horticul., sks interesting indr. post, salary by arrangement. Box 7428.

YOUNG woman, literary ability, secretarial experience B.B.C., Fleet Street and abroad, seeks interesting post. Box 7426.

## WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset. A small hotel for people of discernment. Reduced terms for long bkgs. until May & after Sept. Summer bkgs. from Thursdays.

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest Hse.; lovely country; excel. walking, motoring, gd. food; £4 12s. 6d. wk. Broch.: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

"STATESMAN" readers on holiday meet their like at the Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. (Illd. brochure.)

SOUTHERN France, near Pyrenees: simple, friendly accom. 2/3 pers.; gd. excursion centre; garden; inside sanitation. Full bd. 900-1,000 francs per day. Write Mme. Bielschowsky, Boeil-Bezing, près Pau, France (B.P.)

BUCKS. Small, comf. Guest House in lovely country. Good food, own produce. London 20 miles. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans, nr. Beaconsfield. Jordans 2155.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Book now for Spring & Summer holidays. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

LLEDR. Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley near Betws-y-Coed. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

PARIS. Spend Easter at Hotel de Bordeaux, Latin Quarter. 350-600 frs. ntly. H.C. bath, Billiards. Recently modernised. English spoken. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro. Maubert Mutualité.

INNSBRUCK, Tyrol. B. & B. 8s. 6d. English spoken. Mrs. Emmi Kratochwil, 3 Pembaurstrasse, Innsbruck.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2s. 8d. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. NSN, 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

SWISS Holiday. Hotel Moy, Oberhofen on Lake Thun, offers special 10-day terms of £15 all inclusive for front room with balcony from May 1 to July 15 and in September and October. Prospectus on request.

DEVON & Cornwall. Ideal early holidays. Comf. Guest Hses. From £5 5s. wk. inc. Brochure 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 mls. London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. conv., lge. garden.

GUARANTEE a good holiday. Sun, sea, excellent cuisine, lovely surroundings. Reasonable terms. Write for brochure: Hotel du Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var, France.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ALL who have thought of possibly visiting this All-season resort later are cordially invited write now for free informative illus. Brochure/tariff for future reference. Our hotel is full at time of going to press (largely with recommendations and repeat visits), but still has a few vacancies from mid-Apr. Cen. heated twin-bedded rooms (Slumberlands), average 6gns. (according to floor, etc.), incl. "extras." Meat or Vegetarian diet. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best position, full South, mild, sheltered. Opposite boating, fishing, own beach tent. Nr. Orchestra, curative baths.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Spring is the time to enjoy the country. Low terms Apl./June. Good food. Comfort. One visit and you will come again. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne Line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

DEVON, Woolacombe. "Sea-View" guesthouse for carefree homely holiday. Phone 44. Bathe from house, ideal surf-riding, tennis. H. & C. all bedrms. Int. sprung mattresses. Mod. terms. Mrs. G. Garness. (Also furn. bungalow to let Apr., May, June.)

CORNWALL (South). A few paying guests taken in country house near to Kynance Cove, Cadgwith, The Lizard. Box 7456.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Restful hols., bracing air, extensive sands; gd. food (vegn. optl.), nr. Broads. Woodbine Guest Hse.

SKYE. Dunollie Hotel, Broadford. Completely modernised—opens May. Send for brochure: Hilditch. Broadford 253.

CÔTE D'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provencal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure—Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

CO. GALWAY, Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.B. Country hse. touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Broch.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position, ideal for Winter and Spring Holidays. Rye 2216.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Mod. comforts; farm produce; good food & wine. Open Easter to mid-Oct. 10-14gns. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

JERSEY. Northern 601. St. John's Hotel. April & May. 7gns. wkly. Brochure.

SWITZERLAND—Book now for spring and summer in 3,370 ft. high Guest House on one of the finest spots of the world. Comfort, exc. cuisine, pers. attention. Daily: Fr. 15-16.50 all incl. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension Le Cerisier—Caux s/Montreux.

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17s. 6d. wk. incl. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. 3s. 6d., postage 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

COSSINGTON Guest House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset. Excel. food & bedding. Easy access sea, golf, fishing. Max. 5½gns.

CORNWALL, comf. bungalow. Full/pt. brd. 4-5 p.gs. Gd. food, sandy coves, cliffs. Tyrell, Sanctum, Beacon, St. Agnes.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. £5 10s. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Bottallack, St. Just.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford (Oxford 14, Henley 11, London 45). Comfort assured. Catering varied and abundant. The Country House for a perfect holiday. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. approved. Tel. 3155. Brochure.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury; thatched, simple, centre Tours, lovely walks; good cooking. 5-6gns. Miss English.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey milk. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults 9-12gns. Manageress, Mrs. Acles. Port Isaac 234.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall. Trethevy Hotel. Sea Views, Comfort (h. & c.), Home Ckg. Reduced terms Apr., May. Brochure.

WHY not visit the Lake District for your holiday this year? Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Special facilities for climbers and Fell walkers. Conferences and parties welc. Anne Horner. Phone 508.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gardens, Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6gns., 7-8gns. June onwards, 8-9gns. August.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

FURN. room, newly redecorated, suitable one person—pref. gentleman; cooking facilities, 37s. 6d. weekly. Phone MAI. 1093.

BLACKHEATH. Bachelor (50) would share all-electric 4-room flat with another. Some service. 2gns. Box 7395.

FLAT, fully furnished, newly dec., s/c, 2 rooms, large kitchen, bath, sep. W.C., C.H.W., frig., telephone, sole use small garden, central position (Little Venice, W.2). Could be shared as 2 bedsits. £6 12s. 6d p.w. Min. 1 yr. Excel. daily help avail. Box 7397.

FURN. semi-self-contained, 6-rmd. maisonette, garage, gdns. 10gns. p.w. PAR. 7912

FURN. flatlet. Large room & kitchen; own meter, linen. Quiet house, suitable prof. lady or gentleman. References. Tel. AKCh-way 4913 after 6 p.m. and week-ends.

UNUSUALLY fine bed-sit. St. John's Wd. 4½gns. Kitchen privileges. Box 7442.

MUSWELL Hill. Furn. hse. to let April 1-19. 5/6 beds. Rent reas. Box 7405.

SUNNY, comf. divan bed-sitting room, brkfst, supper optional. Quiet mod. hse. Mod. terms. 25 mins. W. End. GLA. 7297.

LARGE sunny bed sitting room, all conv. in quiet modern flat, for gentleman, £2 15s. Hampstead 0793 after 8 p.m.

ACCOM. available in Hostel April 2 to April 14. Pleasant surroundings, gardens, easy access to West End. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, London, N.W.8.

BLOOMSBURY. Large well-furn. single room., tel., all convs., 65s. Box 7629.

B. & B. offered; suit professionally occupied person, quiet scholarly habits; sole guest. 3gns. p.w. Box 7314.

WELL-furn. b/sit., for gent. Use bath, ckg. facs. 124 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

FOR Coronation and your Holidays from here or abroad come to our Netail House Youth Hostel at 1 Oldham Road, W.10. Ladbroke 3104. Nightly 6s. 6d., weekly 35s. sharing. Bed and breakfast groups and individuals, send prepaid bookings.

KENSINGTON: Fur. flatlet, new hse. Built-in wardrobes. Ckg. facs. C.H.W./Linen/Serv. Suit Prof./Bus. lady. 3gns. BAY. 4617.

HAMPSTEAD: attractive lge. single rm, sunny & comf., all conv. PRI. 1562.

LARGE bed-sit., nr. West End, bus, tube. Suit student/young person. Linen gas/elec. 50s. p.w. CUN. 6627 after 6 p.m.

SCHOOLTEACHER widow, 37, offers comf. accom. perm. Excel. home, reas. Sm. mod. house near S. Woodford Tube. Box 7571.

GENT offers 2 furn. rms. exch. lisekpg. Oakwood. BM/TEH, London, W.C.1.

ROMANY Caravan. New Forest. Quiet hill site, south edge woodland. Comfortable. Lovely views and surroundings. Mrs. Vize, Blissford, Fordingbridge, Hants.

LAMORNA, Cornwall. House to let furnished from May 30-July 12. Sleep 7. 8 guineas. Evans, North Parade, Penzance.

TO let furnished, charmingly arranged Annexe in private grounds beside Great Ouse 12 miles Cambridge; suit writer, ornithologist, convalescent. £4 4s. weekly or less for tenancy over 6 months. Box 7338.

SEAFORD—Easter onwards. Charming double bed-sitting, kitchen, W.C. Use bathroom, short lets. 4gns. p.w. Box 7312.

HOLIDAY furnished flat to let, any period. Scarborough. Box 7302.

PLEASANT modernised house in country nr. Bristol (3 mls. Channel), has owner willing share with 1/2 others. Box 7235.

NOTTINGHAM. conv. University, divan bed-sit. Lady pref. 25s. Box 7370.

PROF. Cple. & Child req. unf. s/c flat, London. Adv. rent consd. Box 7295.

YOUNG Flautist seeks economical attic/box-room central London. Use of 'phone. Willing odd-jobs, baby-sit. Box 7308.

PLEASE does anyone know of s/c unfurn. flat flatlet for couple marrying soon? London Middx. areas. Reasonable rent in advance, no premiums. Box 7296.

TWO Canadian girls sk. share s/c accom. Fillan. GER. 8351 between 9.30-6.

PROFESSIONAL engineer and wife desire small S/C. flat in London, prefably unfurnished, available any time between now and May. Moderate rent. Box 7228.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker reqs. unf. flat London area, self only. Box 7406.

RETIRED Univ. woman teacher seeks s/c. flatlet or semi-furn. accom., Moderate. Cent. London prefd. Particulars: Box 7459.

PROF. man, widower, reqs. furn./unfurn. accomm. London, adequate cooking facilities, separate bedroom for son (6) weekends, part school holidays. Box 6851.

## EASTER SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd.

JAMES Callaghan, C. A. R. Crosland, Hugh Dalton, James Griffiths, Lord Hungarton & Michael Young at Fabian Society's Easter School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, April 2-6. Apply School Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

HOUSE-Party Holidays. On our informal house-parties by the sea or in the country you will have a good time, meet interesting people and have every chance for bathing, tennis, dancing and foreign language practice. Ask for our "House-Party Leaflet," with details of Easter and Summer arrangements. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

COPENHAGEN Summer Courses Danish life & culture. For partics: Anglo-Danish Students' Bureau, 71/73 Piccadilly, W.1.

## PERSONAL

WOMAN Grad. (32), husband abroad, versatile, domesticated, sks. post where two sons, 5 & 7, welcomed. Housekpg., cooking, teaching, typg. Any suggestions? Box 7226.

STUDENT willing to help with children offered rent-free bed-sitting room with gas-ring, Highgate. Box 7361.

BACHELOR, vegetarian pacifist, seeks post with sympathetic employers. Interests and experience bookselling, horticulture, music, research work. Box 7368.

SPAIN. Prof. photographer/writer, wife (model), linguists, motoring July 20, six wks., invite commissions publishers. Box 7299.

TWO Nurses in dire need holiday seek caravan secluded spot sea or near, two weeks July, careful tenants. Box 7387.

INTERIOR Design Consultants advise on home planning, décor, conversions, furn., &c. Mod. fees. Arnold Walters. STA. 9354.

EXCH.: German boy [illegible] like spend some weeks in [illegible] summer, return hospitality. Box [illegible].

THAMES [illegible]ft., 12 h.p., 5 berths, good condition. £399. 64 Ridgway Place, S.W.19. WIM. 1245.

MOTORING Venice/Dolomites summer. Cultured couple seek car-owners. Share expenses. Wide Continental motoring experience, languages offered. Box 7319.

HAVING put together finest radiogram in land, am unwillingly driven to sell. New Tuner, Varislope, TT. 12, pickups 2 diamond, 1 ruby, by Leak, tandem connoisseur turntables, 3 speed, in compact mahogany chest. Louther Hegeman speaker and FM ancillary for Wrotham. In finest cond., suit music society. Accept 300gns. for whole. Box 7351.

WANTED by Craft Workshops of Health Centre, treadle loom at least 40in. wide. Partics. to Secretary, Blunham House, Beds.

GARDENING. Lady wishes to hear of gardens needing weeding, clearing, planting, planning, etc. By the hour or day. Write Box 7285.

COLONIAL graduate and English gentleman in partnership (Limited Company) seek financial help; repay with interest at end of 12 months. References supplied. Box 7409.

LADY wishing to spend six months in country would like to hear from Gentlemen Farmers' households willing to extend hospitality and small remuneration in return for work on farm. Strong, capable, cheerful and adaptable. Box 7271.

SPAIN. Youngish couple going July 20, 6 weeks, offer car owner share expenses, driving, all or part way. Box 7298.

ENGLISH Lady would give 2 or 2 hours' English conversation lessons weekly, to German Lady who would give German conversation in exchange. Tel. PARk 6144.

ART: Imaginative, spontaneous painting and drawing are valuable for attaining personal adjustment. Details from Box 7290.

BETTER sight without Glasses. The Bates Treatment for refractive errors and eyesight rehabilitation. Miss Evelyn Sage sees pupils by appointment at 76, Twyford Ave., E. Finchley, N.2. Tel. TUDor 4776.

LADY wishes to join priv. party/family travelling abroad (coastal resort) 14 days, June to Aug. Suggestions. Box 7310.

LADY sks. post afternoons. Nursing typg./mother's help. W. Lond. Box 7275.

CHILDREN need heaps of plain all-purpose wooden bricks for floor & table play. 100 £1. W. Tiler, 62, Old Farm, Sidcup.

WRITE about "You"—and increase your income. Send for Free N 3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fee tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

SEE Yugoslavia. . . New Country for British Tourists Bled, £34 15s., Opatija £36 15s., Rab £38 15s. Coach & Boat Tour, Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and the Dalmatian Coast, £47 10s. Coach Tour, Bled-Zagreb-Belgrade, Sarajevo-Mostar-Dubrovnik-Split-Opatija, 51gns., and many other attractive tours. Free Holidays granted to Party Organisers (16 or more Tourists). Send now for Free Illustrated Brochure. See Yugoslavia, Ltd., Dept. N.S., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC 0820.

## PERSONAL—continued

EASTER Holidays. Enjoy yourself with one of our parties! Easter in Rome or Paris, a gay house-party in Hampshire or hotel arrangements in Stratford-on-Avon or Hindhead. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SWISS Hotel-Plan. Grindelwald 10 days from £22 19s. 6d., 17 days from £31 19s. 6d. Inclusive of rail & hotel costs. Ample spending money left from the allowance. Holidays in all countries. Write, 'phone or call for 1953 Summer Programme. 245 Regent St., W.1. Tel. GROsvenor 8921.

SWITZERLAND. 2 weeks' holiday with about £10 spending money. Wilderswil (Bernese Oberland), Gunten (Lake Thun), Beckenried (Lake Lucerne), Klosters, Vevey (Lake Geneva), Les Marecottes, etc. All first-class centres, with high-class hotels, from £29 including Holiday Ticket. E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, W.C.2.

CLUB Mediterranee offers inexpensive seaside holidays at camp villages in:—Corfu (Greece) or Yugo-Slavia, 25 days, £43 10s., 18 days, £38 10s. Piombino (Italy) or Elba, 23 days, £38, 16 days, £33. Undersea fishing and water ski-ing with instructors (equipment lent free). Sightseeing tours. Send for details to: Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St. London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

MAJORCA, Spain's island Paradise for a unique 14 day holiday at the Hotel Costa Brava at lovely Puerto de Soller by air on specially advantageous terms including full board £53 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. MS11), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

FERIENKURSE im Ausland. Cours de Vacances a l'etranger—Corsi Estivi All' Estro. Summer holiday courses for students and language enthusiasts. Naples, Nice, Bonn, Geneva, Biarritz and others allowing three weeks stay abroad at incl. prices ranging from 28gns. to 39gns. Write for programme to Specialised Travel Service, Ltd., 66 Paddington St., London, W.1. (WEL. 9935.)

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon in the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS11), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

DELIGHTFUL Summer Holidays in Austria and Switzerland conducted or free-lance £29 to £39 including air-travel to Basle, 14 nights hotel. E.T.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SPECIAL Continental Coach Tour—London, Paris, Italian and French Rivieras. 14 days, including excursions 48gns. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHI. 4114/5.

FRENCH, German, eventually Russian, made easier with help of plentiful Continental-cooked food. Modern comforts. Old-fashioned Irish village. 6 guineas. Box 7139.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

A GENUINE interpretation of your nativity. Send birth date. Time. 10s. 6d., stamp. Douglas V. Morgan, "Fairfield," Energlyn, Caerphilly, Glam.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp. Opatija Bay, Yugoslavia. July 26-August 8, £22. Other holidays at Socialist centres. Apply International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. Abb. 6894.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

FOR highly strung children and adolescents the results of Nerve Manipulation are surprising. A therapy of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel.: Welbeck 9600. Massage, Osteopathy. Ask for brochure.

YUGOSLAV Holidays from £27 10s. (15 days inc.). Also Israel, Africa and countries in Europe. Programme, send stamped addressed envelope to Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

FRENCH or German. Join class now and enjoy your Continental Holiday more. French starting March 17, German March 19. Miss D. Turnbull, B.A. (Oxon). CUN. 6780.

CONSOLIDATE your French. Group meets for literary and topical discussion one evening a week in private house, Wimbledon. For details telephone WIM. 0568.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holidays in August for boys 6½ to 18. Expeditions & hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

A SPECIAL low-cost visit to Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome has been arranged for educationists, art-lovers, etc. 15 days 31gns., departing April 2, August 7 and 30. Details (s.a.e.): E.T.A., c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

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## PERSONAL—continued

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## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SOLLY Sachs speaks at Conway Hall, March 16, 7.30 p.m. His book, "The Choice Before South Africa," presents the constructive case for a democratic S. Africa. Turnstile Press, 15s.

"BRITONS Visit Hungary": Authentic information by recent visitors to Hungary (Dean of Canterbury, Rev. P. P. Levertoff, D.D., Armour Milne, etc.). Illustd. 6d. from bookshops or the British Hungarian Friendship Soc., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

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GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 98a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

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ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.). St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Father." Mems. 5s. yrly.

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NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sun., Mar. 15 to Tues., Mar. 17, 5.30, 8.0 (Mems. only). Charlie Chaplin's "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Vagabond." Sat., Mar. 14, open to public. 3-dimensional films. Doors open 12. Details membership: British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

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PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Mar. 15, 7.30, "Duello Senza Onore" (A) (Italian).

GORKY Evening. Film: Childhood of Gorky. Readings by Catherine Salkeld, Canon Rock. Appreciations by John Vickers, Harold Rosen. Tues., Mar. 17, 7 p.m. S.C.R. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. 2s. 6d.

EISENSTEIN: New Film: "Time in the Sun." Produced from "Que Viva Mexico!" material. Commentary by Marie Seton. Thrs. Mar. 19, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq. W.8. 2s. 6d., S.C.R. & stud. 2s.

SCALA Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. T.V.A. presents special performance "Tales of Hoffmann" starring Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, Leonide Massine, March 15, 6.45 p.m. Doors open 6.30. MUS. 5731.

Y.P.C. Hendon and G.G.: 6th Anniversary Buffet Dance, Hendon Way Hotel, Hendon Central, Saturday, March 14, 7.30. Van Straten's Band. 10s. 6d. Mems. 8s. 6d.

CALYPSO Dance Saturday, March 14, 7.30-11.30 p.m. London School of Printing, Stamford Street, S.E.1. Nearest tube Waterloo. Buses 1, 68, 75. Organised by Caribbean Labour Congress (London Branch).

RECITAL Poetry and Music. C. Day Lewis, Jill Balcon, Bertha Hagart. March 19, 9 p.m., 18 Addison Rd., W.14. Tickets 1gn. from Central School of Speech and Drama, Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7.

## CONCERTS

CHELSEA Town Hall, March 16, at 7.30 p.m. Martin Lawrence, bass; Anna Pollak (by permission Sadlers Wells), Mezzo Soprano; Cecil Turner, pianoforte. Works include: Beethoven, Chopin, Boyd, Dibdin Mendel, Haydn. Tickets 10s. 6d to 2s. 6d.; 2s. 3d. Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Gr., W.2. BAY. 1984, or at door.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital rm. Tues., Mar. 17, 8.15. Jean Doyen, Piano Recital of works by Rameau, Dukas, Faure, Ravel. 8s., 5s., res., 2s. 6d. unres. WAT. 3191.

KODALY 70th Birthday Concert, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. March 26 at 8 p.m. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., British-Hungarian Friendship Soc., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. BAY. 2642.

MODERN Symphony Orchestra. Cond. Arthur Dennington. Sat., March 21, 7.30. Northern Polytechnic, N.7. First London perfs. of Frank Martin Violin Concerto (Frederick Grinke) and Andriessen Pluto Concertino (Ria Groot). Mozart Haffner, Elgar Falstaff. 6s. to 2s. NOR. 1686.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

THE Italian Book 1465-1900: Exhibition at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. (1465-1800) & Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. (1800-1900). 11-5 Mon.-Sat.; Wed. 11-8 (II). Thurs. 11-8 (N.B.L.). Admission 2s. Last week.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Csato. Paintings by Irene Wyatt. Until April 2.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Louise Hutchinson: Portraits and other Sculptures. Paintings by Jolan Williams.

GUILDHALL Art Gallery, E.C.2. Royal Society of British Sculptors. Exhibition of Sculpture & Photographs of Sculpture of Civic Interest. Mar. 10-28 inc., 10-5, ex. Sun.

THE Unknown Political Prisoner. Finals of International Sculpture Competition. Exhibition of Prize Winners and National Runners-up from 57 countries. Tate Gallery daily from March 14, 10-6, Sundays 2-6.

IRVING Galls., 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Dennis James, Water Colours, Jane Moore, Oils. Until Mch. 21, 10-5 (Sat. 10-12).

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by William Johnstone. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. British and French Contemporaries: a selection from Mr. R. May's collection; and Paintings by André Dauchant.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government. Tate Gallery. Open till April 26. Weekdays 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d., after 6 p.m. 1s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Masters of the 19th and 20th Cent. Recent purchases. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

REMBRANDT'S Influence in the 17th Century. Loan Exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond Street, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 2. Adm. 2s. 6d., in aid of the victims of the Dutch floods.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 1775-1851. Daily 11-6, Sun. 2-6, Closed Mon., Last Day Mar. 15.

THE Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. Reg. 1879. "The Age of Exuberance": Italian, Flemish and Spanish Pictures from 1580 to 1680.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Yves Alix (First Exhibition in England) and Eugene Boudin.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibitions of recent paintings by Alan Reynolds; Fred Uhlman; and important Pointillist Paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Ending March 21.

BUILDING in the Netherlands. Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till March 28. Mondays-Fridays 10-7, Saturdays 10-5. Admission free.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Opposite St. Martin's Theatre and the Ivy. Paintings by James Dring. March 4-25, 11-7, incl. Sats.

EXHIBITION of graphic art from Poland: Tadeusz Kulisiewicz at the A.I.A. Galleries 15 Lisle Street, W.C.2. March 3-21, daily 11-6 incl. Sats. Adm. free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Wonder & Horror of the Human Head. Daily 11-6. Sats. 11-5. Sunday 2-6.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BARBARA Castle, M.P., and Jon Kimche on "Socialist Policy and Middle Eastern Oil," Kingsway Hall, Sat., March 14, 2.30 p.m. Tkts. 2s. fr. Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, or at door.

AFRICA'S Problems—and their Solution: Solly Sachs, ex-General Secretary, Garment Workers' Union, South Africa, Vera Brittain F. Elwyn Jones, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P. Chair: Lord Faringdon. Monday, March 16 at 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn, W.C.1. Adm. free. Orgd. by Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1 (ABBey 3770).

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain—"The Psychological Problem of Old Age" by Alexander Kennedy, M.D., F.R.C.P., Professor of Psychological Medicine, University of Durham. Punctually at 7.30 on Friday, March 20, Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

MICHAEL Foot, M.P., at the new school, the "George Eliot," Finchley Rd. (nr. Swiss Cott.), ent. in Marlborough Hill, on "Labour's Future." Mon., Mar. 23, 7.45.

"CUSTOMS of Parliament." A lecture will be given by Graham Cawthorne, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, March 16, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 21 at 6 p.m. Dr. Ivo Lapenna: "L'esperanto est-il artificiel?"

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 15: S. K. Ratcliffe, "The New Crisis in the Far East." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7 p.m. Tuesday, Mar. 17. William Kent, F.S.A., and Luis Vargas. Debate: "Will Shaw Be Among the Immortals?" Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Mar. 13. L. H. Brown, M.A., "What would your Utopia Be?"

VIRGINIA Flemming: "We must try to make a good world." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, March 15, at 6.30 p.m.

SHAW Society: "Sarah Bernhardt," by Esme Percy, Friday, March 27, 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle St. Non-members welcome (adm. 2s.). Specimen bulletin, etc., from 45 Steepleстone Close, London, N.18.

ANGLO-German Association: The Bishop of Chichester on "The Refugee Problem," Thursday March 19, Church House, Great Smith Street, Westminster, at 6.30 p.m.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Mar. 17, 8.30. "The creative activities of the Human Brain." Lecture by J. Z. Young. Chairman: A. J. Ayer. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club One Evening Conference. "Africa—What Next?" Julian Amery, M.P. (Cons.), Dr. Hastings K. Banda (Nyasaland African Congress), Jennie Lee, M.P. (Lab.), Friday, March 20, 8 p.m., at Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (off Oxford St., opposite Selfridges). Questions & Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

STALIN Memorial Meeting. Emile Burns speaks. Mon., Mar. 16, Hampstead Town Hall, 8 p.m. Hampstead Communist Party. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., Mar. 18, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Party Loyalties & the Parliamentary System." Richard Crossman, M.P. Ad. 2s.

IT Can Be Peace. Cecily Cook (Women's Co-op. Guilds), H. W. Franklin, N.U.R., Percy Hartill (Archdeacon, Stoke-on-Trent), Minnie Pallister, Victor Yates, M.P. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Central Hall, Westminster, Friday, March 27, 7.30 p.m. Buffet and Bookstall, 6.30 p.m. Admission free. Reserved 2s. 6d. Apply Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

SYMPOSIUM on New Polity: British National Renaissance. First meeting Thursday, March 19, Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1, at 8 p.m. Duke of Bedford, Sir John Pratt, General Fuller, Hugh Quigley.

PUBLIC Debate: "Which Way to World Peace?" Gordon Evans, United Nations Assocn. A. Turner (S.P.G.B.). Kensington Town Hall, Mon., Mar. 16, 7.30. Adm. free.

DR. C. K. McDonald, "Experiences of China." Younger Discn. Group (Hamp. Ethical Soc.), Studio Hse., Rosslyn Hill, cnr. Hampstead Hill Gdns. Mon. Mar. 16, 8 p.m.

DR. Hanne Van Lohuizen on "Some Impressions of an Archæological Tour through India and Pakistan" (Illus.), March 20, 8.15. All welc. No colln. London Br., Indian Inst. of Culture, 62 Queens Gdns. W.2.

UNIVERSALIST Service. Sunday, March 15, 3.15 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., near Victoria Stn. Discourse by Mr. M. L. Burnet. "The Need for a New Vision. P.P.U. Religion Commission.

FILMSHOWS & Travelogues in simple French, German, Spanish & Italian. Language Film Cinema, 13 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Write or call for details.

WOOL Education Society.—A lecture will be given at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, March 24, in the Lecture Hall, Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, by Miss E. M. Carus-Wilson, M.A., Reader in Economic History, London School of Economics, on "Wool in the Economy of Medieval England." For details of membership apply to the Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

CHARLES Morgan on "Dialogue in plays & novels." Chair: C. V. Wedgwood. 1st Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Tues., Mar. 24, 7.30. Tkts. 3s. (guaranteeing seats; app. to be accompanied by remittance & s.a.e.) from Sec., P.E.N., 62 Glebe Pl., S.W.3, or at doors.

PEGASUS Theatre Society. Sunday, March 15 at 3 p.m. Michael MacOwan on Granville Barker. Oak Room, Arts Theatre, W.C.2. Open to non-members.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. At 7 p.m. Two lectures "Between the Elizabeths": March 17. The Homes: Elizabeth Martin-Clarke. March 24. The Arts: Eric Newton.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. March 15: "Three States of Consciousness." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Lsimster Tce. bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Hill.

"MEXICAN Popular Ballads"; Fourth Rodney Gallop Memorial Lecture, to be given by Prof. J. B. Trend on Friday, March 20, 7.30 p.m., at The English Folk Dance & Song Society, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. GUL. 2206. Adm. free.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Thursday, March 19: Dr. R. J. Z. Werblowsky on "God and the Unconscious." Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Refreshments. Visitors 2s.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lect., Wed., Mar. 18, 6.30 p.m. "Is Dharma a Religion?" Mr. Nordberg.

"STATE and Private Enterprise in Israel." Monday, March 16 at 6 p.m. at the Royal Society of Arts. Speaker: The Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, M.P. Chairman: Mr. S. S. Hammersley. Members free; others 2s. Tickets from The Secretary, The Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

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## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

THE Present Question Conference, 1953, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 8 to 15. Theme: "Springs of Action." Speakers and Chairmen: T. F. Coade, M.A., Professor C. A. Coulson, F.R.S., Michael Foster, M.A., W. D. Hogarth, O.B.E., Professor H. D. Lewis, Dr. J. H. Oldham, C.B.E., Leslie Paul, Sir Herbert Read, L. Rostas, Christopher Salmon, Professor K. B. S. Smellie, Angus Sinclair, Otto van der Sprenkel, The Earl of Verulam, H. Westmann, J. F. Wolfenden, C.B.E. Enquiries to: Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies.—Future University Extension Residential Week-end Courses at Battle of Britain House, Northwood, include: March 27-29: Some Aspects of the World's Food Problem: April 24-26: United States' Policy in the Far East. Fee for admission, including board and accommodation, £1 5s. Further details from the Director, Dep. of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1.

SCOTLAND: Study-Holiday Tour, May 16-23. Cities, Highlands, New Towns, Hill-farming, Forestry and Plans for Future. By coach from Edinburgh, finish Glasgow: £25. Town and Country Planning Association, 28 King St., W.C.2.

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